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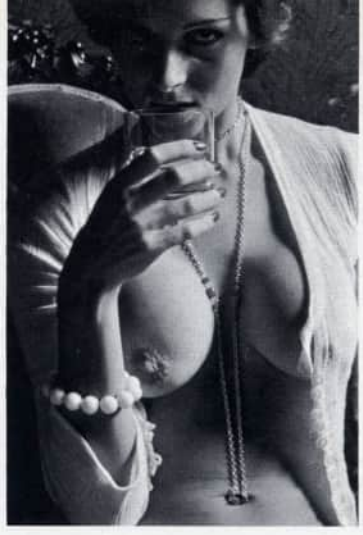

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Her cups runneth over, page 52. Mossie marvel, page 14

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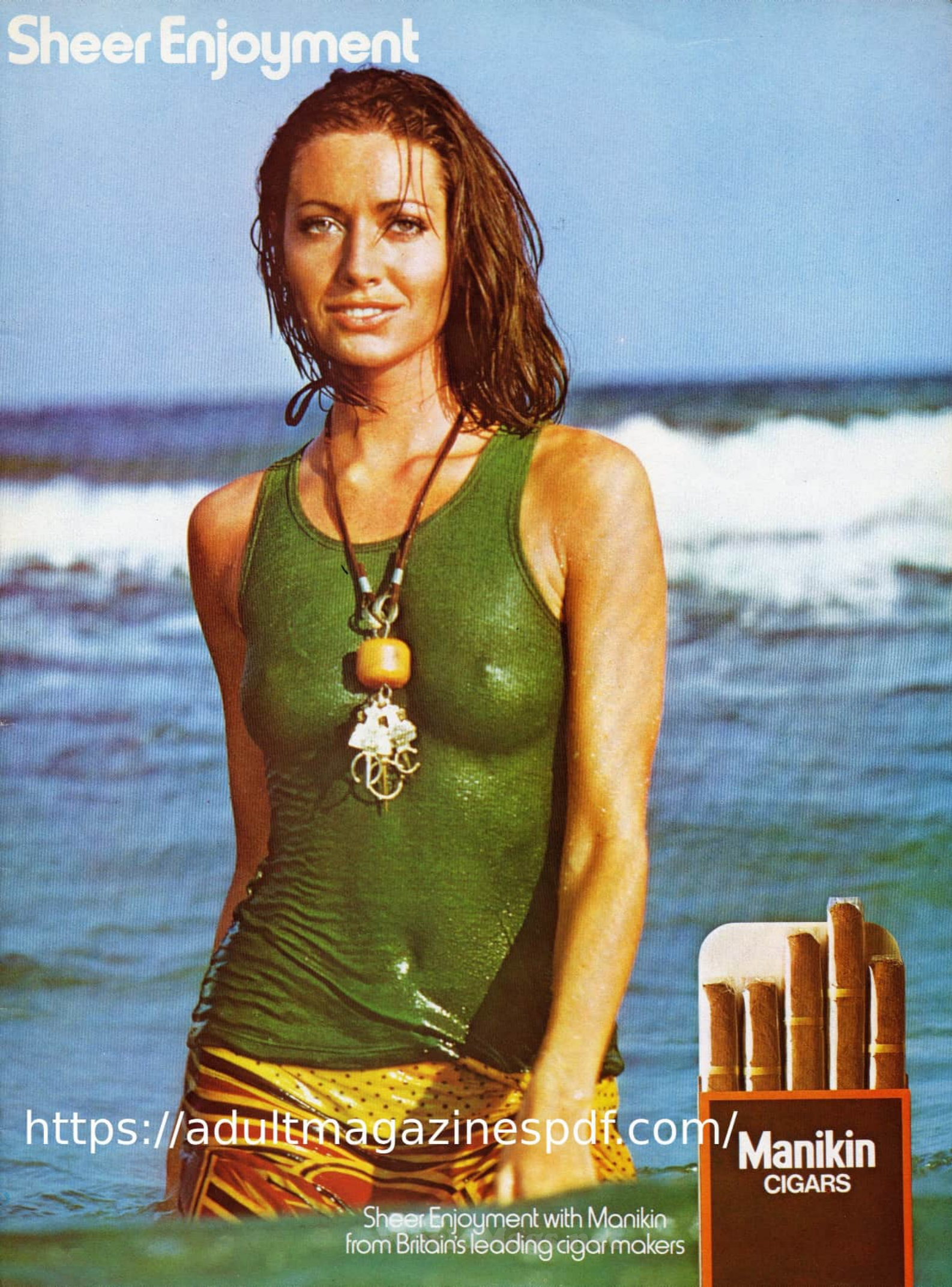
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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

In Vol. 8 No. 7 Clare Russell was pictured on a piece of upholstered furniture. As it happens we are the manufacturers of that particular piece which is known as a Daydream sofa, and the family name of the proprietors of this business is also Russell. I wonder if Clare is a relative of my particular family. It would be very pleasant if we could get together and compare pedigrees.
A. D. Russell, Parker & Farr Ltd., Bramcote, Nottingham.

Hearty congratulations on your splendid Allard feature which appeared in the January issue of *Mayfair*. Congratulations also to Mr William Boddy for giving such a warm and fair account of the life and times of the late Sydney Allard. As we saw, Sydney was always the great enthusiast. He did much to encourage motor sport in the immediate post-war years and successes came thick and fast in trials, hill-climbs, sprints, rallies and track events – especially track events in the USA, where his Chrysler and Caddy-engined J2s were king. With his 1953 J2Rs packing 300 bhp and touching 150 mph it's not at all surprising that Sydney was to establish the American sport of dragster racing in this country.
The J1 competition car of 1946 is a striking example of the early post-war range, and I have enclosed a photograph of this now very rare two-seater. A massive chassis made the car quite suitable for muddy trail or track, and this fine example is capable of 120 mph.
David Kinsella, Overseas Secretary, Allard Owners Club Ltd

You certainly have a crazy cross-section of readers! With no disrespect to your motor car enthusiasts (obviously dedicated folk!) I cannot grasp how a Riley car could compare with any of the magnificent bodies or chassis illustrated elsewhere in your marvellous magazine. In sentimental mood last Christmas Day I hung up my stocking, just hoping one of your *Mayfair*-type chicks would fall into it. Alas, not a boob appeared. Never mind. To all of you who do so much to boost the ebbing morale of this wonderful island may you keep up the grand job you're doing – for the guys and dolls to whom *Mayfair* means so much.
Charles Johnson, Uxbridge Road, Rickmansworth, Herts.

As a happily married wife and mother of two may I say how glad I was to see the letter from 'Lady Doctor' (Vol. 9 No. 1) explaining the true significance of intercourse for a woman and I am sure putting many husband's minds at rest on the subject of ejaculation.
I was particularly pleased with the writer's final comments that sex is one of her favourite hobbies and that she understood the mutual advantages of a husband who is especially well equipped. I count myself fortunate in having a husband whose penis could only be described as very big indeed. It is both long (about nine inches when erect) and very thick along its entire length. Like 'Lady Doctor' and her husband we make love regularly last thing at night and after 15 years of marriage I still feel a thrill of anticipation when I see my husband approach the bed in the nude with his massive appendage and climb into bed beside me. We always seem to follow the same pattern: I go to bed first and my husband follows after taking a shower. He is usually at his best after an evening of squash with the boys and this is reflected in the hardness of his organ.
He is always very careful to indulge in some preliminary petting, though I do not often need very much since the thought of the main event is enough. We have used many different positions but the traditional 'missionary' seems to suit us best and affords the most comfortable and exciting experience. I draw up my knees as far as I can and my husband slips into me with one firm and definite stroke. Each time we make love it's the indescribable thrill of this first penetration that makes me gasp for breath. I then take care to open my legs as wide as I can and wrap them around my husband's back. He is a well built man and so it can really take some doing but once in that position the sheer joy of a really good screwing takes me to heaven almost every time. My husband utilises his full length to give me long pounding strokes for about ten to fifteen minutes during which time I can experience two or three orgasms. As he approaches his own climax he increases the pace of his strokes to a sometimes frightening speed and likes me to shout out loud encouragement to him. Only those wives in the 'big penis' league will know what I mean when I say that at the end I feel 'well and truly fucked' and the satisfaction one gets in knowing that as a loving wife one has stood up to such a pounding, which can and probably will be repeated the next night, is immense. I know I am lucky and I hope all wives enjoy their sex as much as we do.
Mrs. J.B., Southsea, Hants

Although it is difficult to get *Mayfair* in Vienna, I am sometimes successful in my searches and very much enjoy reading your exciting and erotic magazine. Reading *Mayfair* tells me that the English people are a merry, sexy race but most of the time we hear that the English do little other than drink tea and go on strike. If I ever visit your country I sincerely hope that your picture of the English is somewhere nearer the truth than the other impressions we get.
D.M., Vienna

The reason I am writing this letter in the first place is to prove to my wife that the

turn to page 12

One of the early post-war Allards: the J1 two-seater competition car of 1946, capable of 120 mph.

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LETTERS

continued from page 7

letters published in *Mayfair* are genuine. In the second instance it is to retell an incident that happened to me during last summer.

My job with the Forestry Commission means that I am responsible for checking up on fire-breaks and such like with the local warden in our areas of woodland. On one such tour we came across two vans parked in a fire-break. We're not keen on the public being in these places so we went to investigate.

The rear doors of one of the vans were open and to our considerable surprise we saw four legs hanging out. Two white and two black. A white man was energetically making love to a black girl and they didn't seem to object to us seeing them there. The sight of that girl was really something and I could feel an erection coming on. When the two of them in the van had had their fill the man started mumbling about peeping toms but what the girl did was more interesting. She wriggled out of the van stark naked – she must have been six foot tall and a hell of a sight – and walked around us. 'Fancy me, don't you?' she says, 'Well, don't hang about, let's see what you've got to offer then.' What followed was like being eaten alive. All three of us took her before she was satisfied. When she gripped you with those long black thighs you were hers to control and she could really take it. The afternoon passed with us all hard at it and when I got home my wife was stripped for action and randy as ever. I had to tell her about our encounter but it only made her even randier. So I had to satisfy her as well to compensate for the afternoon's joys and we still re-live that experience in our lovemaking. After all, it wasn't an experience that anyone could easily forget.

Name and address supplied.

I am surprised that authors of books on sex have not come up with this very simple title, which I am sure would give the book a very saleable image, namely: 'Sex and Sensibility' (with no apology to Jane Austen).

C. Tindall-Lister, Dorset

We await your manuscript without prejudice, sir.

The author of the article, 'U 65, the Kaiser's Haunted Submarine' (Vol. 8 No. 12) unfortunately appears to differ on the facts from my own research. The main purpose of the article, as a ghost story, is not being disputed but the presentation of facts is incorrect in my opinion.

U 65 (U 63 Class, 810/927 tons) was built by the Germania Yard at Kiel and entered service on 11 May 1916 under the command of Kapitanleutnant von Fischel and was commanded by Kapitanleutnant Siess when she was destroyed by being blown up on 29 October 1918 off Pola, in the Mediterranean, during the enemy evacuation of that port. Her complement was 4 officers and 32 ratings and the position of her sinking was 4452 N 1350 E.

The appearance of U 65 does not coincide with the illustration at the head of the article. U 65 had a bull-nose bow, not the raked 'shark's head' bow as shown and the design of the conning tower does not relate.

It is a fact that there were three German submarines with the same number but different prefixes – U 65, UB 65 and UC 65 – each of varying types, displacements and purposes and research would have shown that the submarine referred to was actually UB 65, a completely different and smaller vessel of the UB III Class of 508/639 tons. She was built by Vulcan at Hamburg, launched on 26 June 1917 and entered service in August 1917. She was commanded by Kapitanleutnant Scheele (not Oberleutnant) and he remained as her commanding officer during the whole of her career. He was not killed in a shore air raid and his submarine was not one of '24 submarines built at Bruges in the early autumn of 1916'. Only five German submarines were built at Bruges – UB 12, UB 42, UB 103, UB 105 and UB 109.

It was stated that the submarine in question was discovered as a derelict, unmanned, off Cape Clear by an American submarine, but some of this is not true. UB 65 sailed from Heligoland on 2 July 1918 through the North Sea, where she survived a torpedo attack from the British submarine G 6, and on to the Bristol Channel. The American submarine AL 2 (Lieutenant Foster) sighted her periscope off the Fastnet Rock on the late afternoon (not morning) of 10 July. She moved in to attack and when 80 yards distant there was an explosion ahead of the German craft. AL 2 dived to ram her opponent and heard high-speed propellers which faded into silence. The time was 1830 hours and the position was 5107 N 0942 W The U-boat was not heard of again and it is presumed that she fired a torpedo at AL 2 and it exploded as it left the tube Because of bow damage she tried to reach the surface but did not succeed. Her complement was 3 officers and 31 ratings, which coincides with the total number of 34 quoted in the article.

UB 65 remained submerged during the whole time and it seems highly improbable that Lieutenant Foster saw a ghostly figure on the bows 'vanish into thin air as the waves closed over the stricken vessel.' The incident was not fully explained and, obviously, never will be. Whether she was haunted is open to conjecture but from a practical point of view her end was no more mysterious than that of many other German submarines during the Great War.

R. Lumley, Wirral, Cheshire

A copy of Mr Lumley's letter has been sent to the author of the article for comments.

Reading the story of the unsolved mystery of the haunted U-65 (Vol. 8 No. 12) has prompted me to recount my own experience of what is now one of the most mysterious incidents in the Royal Navy's wartime history.

I was serving as First Lieutenant in the sloop Black Swan during a troop carrying mission to the Romsdale Fiord of Norway in the spring of 1940. We had repeatedly come under bombing attack and knew that our 'narrow squeaks' were getting too narrow for comfort.

It was just after 3 pm that it happened. A JU 87 appeared over a fiord peak and attacked in a steep dive on our starboard bow. The next few seconds made naval history.

'Full ahead both! Hard-a-starboard!' the Captain snapped out from the bridge. As

turn to page 109

H.M.S. Black Swan: a German bomb penetrated three decks and the sloop's bottom without exploding.

The Preacher's Lay-Wife

Fiction by Terry Mooney

While Hiram K. looked to the life eternal his wife revealed earthly joys on a library step ladder

ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER

My old man was friendly with everyone in the village, including the local parson whom he'd known for years. Sometimes of an evening I would call at the Vicarage to help the ageing cleric with his accounts and paper work. On one such occasion he introduced me to his two guests, visiting Americans from the Deep South. Hiram K. Upp was a greying, bespectacled teacher and lay-reader, obviously happy at this heaven-sent opportunity to spend his sabbatical at an English parsonage. An earnest, uninteresting man.

His wife made a pleasant contrast. Much younger than her husband, Helen Upp was a most attractive woman. Though not beautiful in the classical sense she had a lovely oval face, flawless skin and a smooth white forehead. With soft brown hair, luminous eyes and a generous mouth came a magnificent figure. The firm jutting breasts straining the spotless, frilly lace blouse beneath her smart costume jacket were outstanding. She exuded a sensuality totally unexpected in a preacher's wife, yet she seemed unconscious of this stimulating quality.

In short, Mrs. Upp was a dish.

She smiled. The contrast of perfect white teeth against full red lips again belied the decorum of her bearing.

'Hello,' she greeted me warmly. I shivered. Even her voice was a caress. I was infatuated with the woman. Every moment that could be spared I was up at the Hall. Helping, advising, planning their itinerary; ingratiating myself, using every artful trick in the book.

The Upps were impressed with my selfless devotion to their cause and, of course, the old vicar was grateful to me for taking them off his hands. I escorted them on trips around the district and soon, to my great but disguised joy, Hiram K. started missing out on the excursions.

I had planned to get him feeling guilty; now he was anxious to catch up on the neglected work his patron had prepared. He trusted me implicitly by this time and was 'real happy' to entrust his wife to me. One afternoon we were visiting yet another historical ruin when she turned her lovely head and said impulsively. 'Gee! You're swell, Terence. So kind. Ah do appreciate what you've done for us here.'

I gazed down into melting eyes; she was very close. My head swooned. Tentatively I pressed her hand; warm fingers responded, gently squeezing my own. Her eyes were wide and yearning and her ripe lips were parted.

I thrilled.

Cripes! Was she *expecting* me to kiss her? The pause was enough to bring her to her senses. She must have remembered her cardinal virtue, that she was a pious man's wife on vocation in a strange land. For, just as I'd been about to embrace her, she'd gently disengaged herself. However no harm was done. We walked 'home' in friendly companionship, the near-intimate encounter having, apparently, made no difference to our relationship.

Next day we were all together in the

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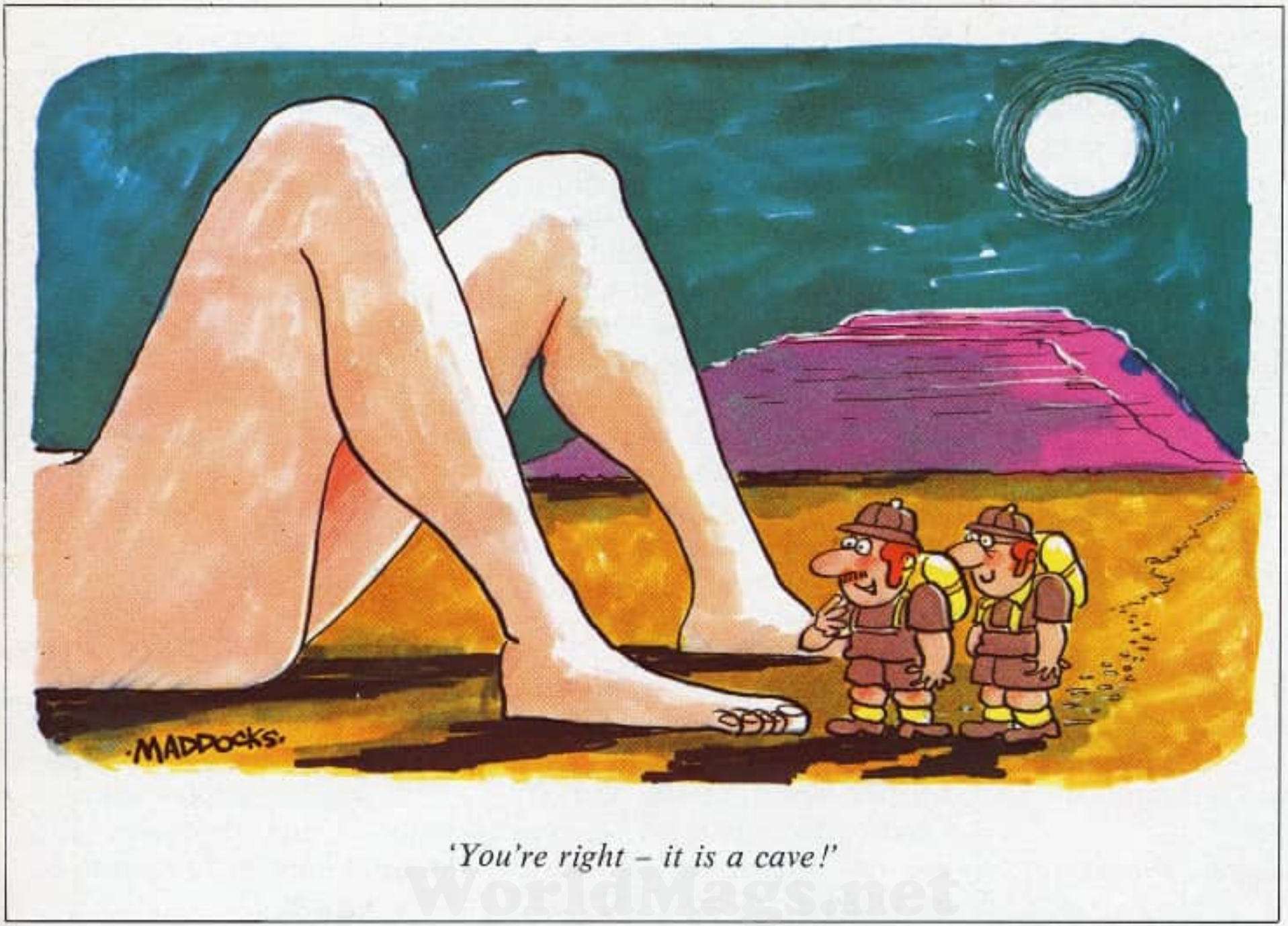

'You're right – it is a cave!'

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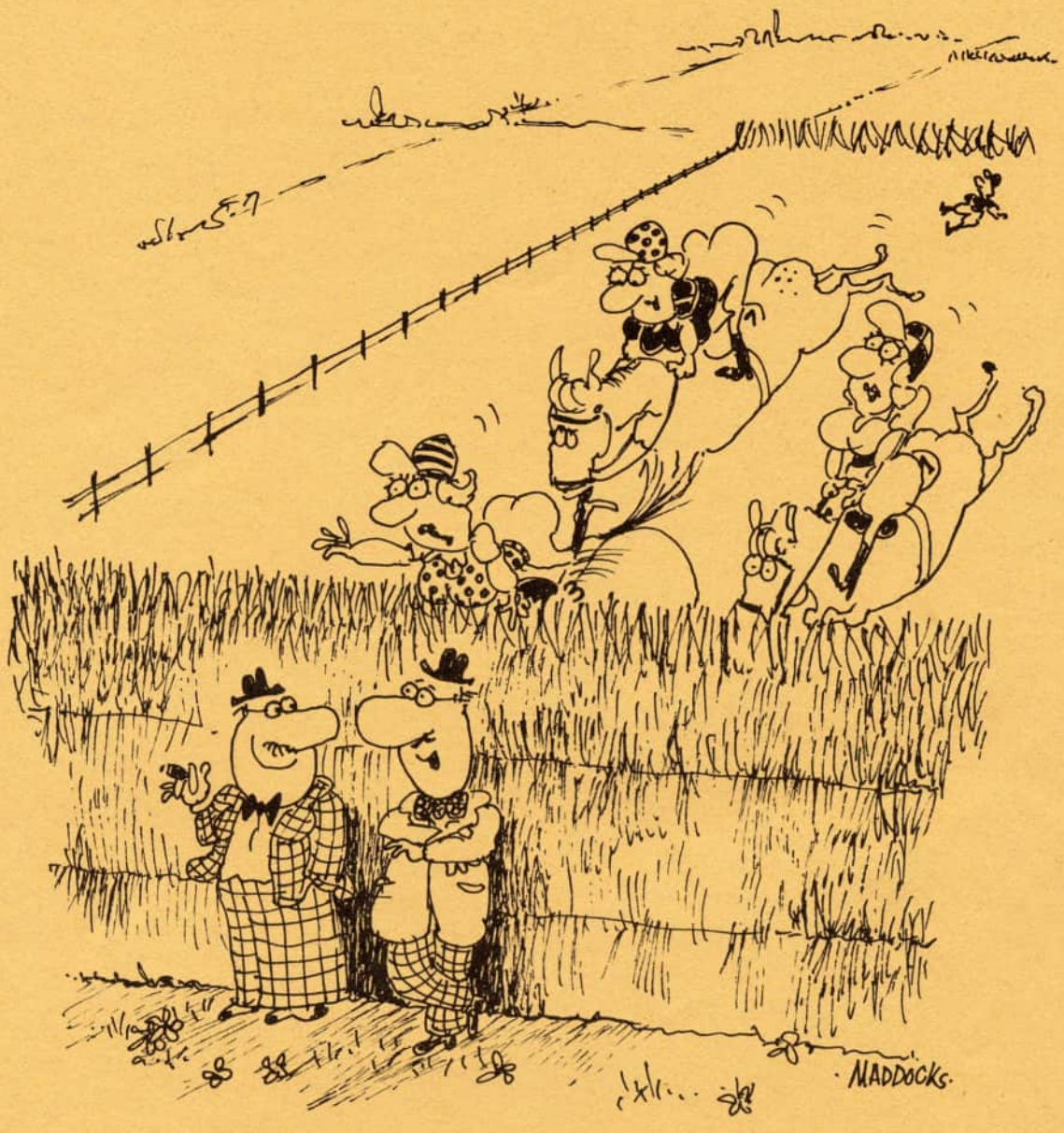


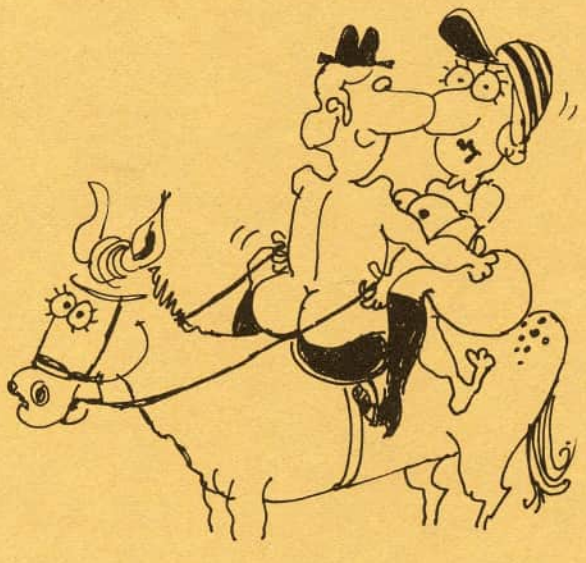
'Oh, it's worth waiting – you can always pick up a fallen woman at this fence.'

JOCKEYING FOR POSITION

The girls are finding their way into everything these days. Peter Maddocks looks forward to the time when they become members of the Jockey Club.

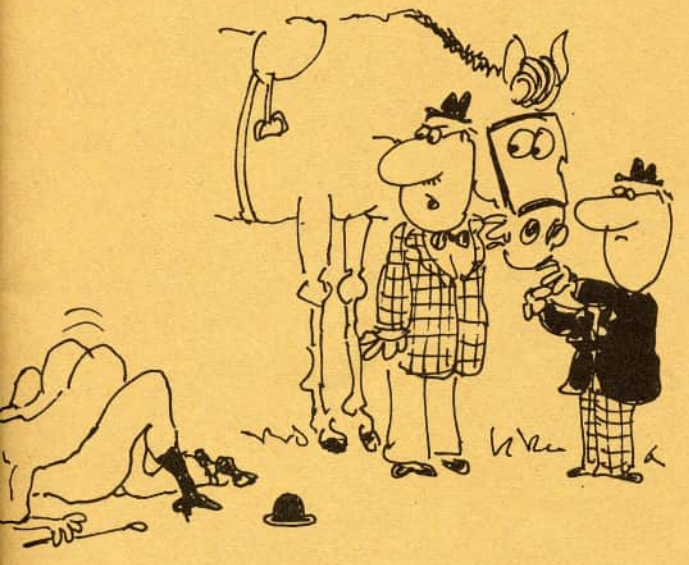
'Come now, darling, the horse and the owner always gets his oats immediately after the race.'

'Listen to your trainer and just let the horse jog along for a furlong or two . . .'

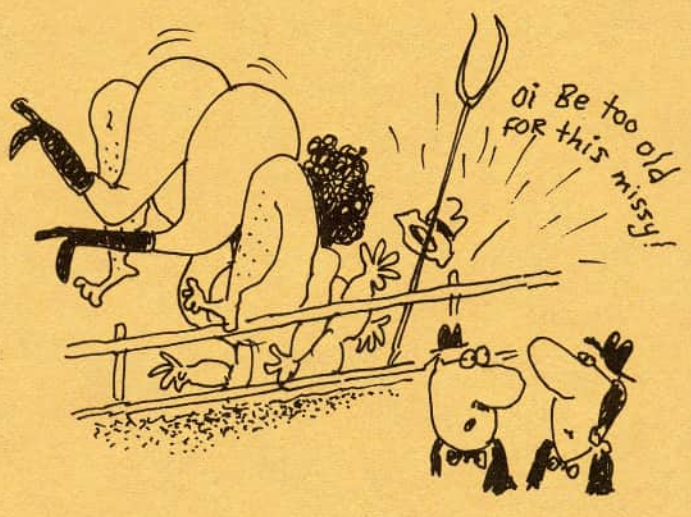


'I didn't realise this was a handicap race.'

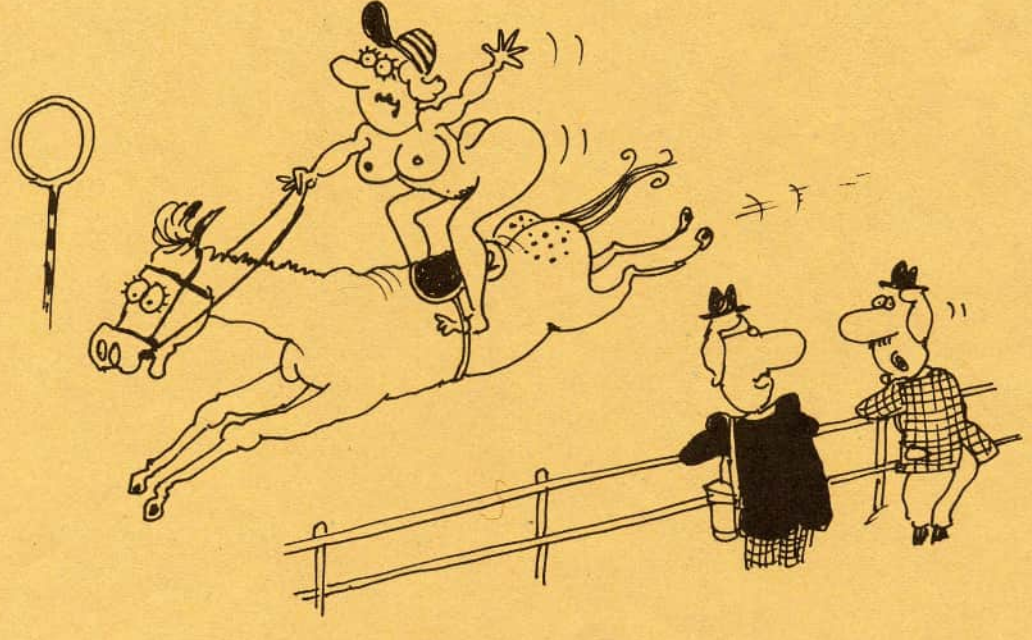
'I hate mixed races, he beat me by a short arm.'



'Who said that came under starter's orders?'



'She's laying the odds again!'



'What colours did you say she was coming home in?'

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TARA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

She's a girl on the move. 'I get very itchy feet and want to get around as much as possible before I settle down.' At 22, Tara Travers has plenty of time. She needs to meet as many people as possible, she told us, and with that lithe 36–24–35 figure she's got a lot more than time on her side. Born a Lancashire lass she retains only the faintest note of a northern accent because her family were always on the move as well. Her father was in education and promotions meant frequent resettlement. Between schools in Rugby, Winchester and Chessington, Tara studied hard to realise her childhood ambition to be a veterinary nurse but after only a short time in the profession she turned her talents to modelling. 'I adore animals but there wasn't a living in the pay and I do enjoy modelling too despite the ups being rather infrequent and the downs regular. Still I guess I can put up with the

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downs.' She lives at present in Swindon where she works some of the time modelling nude in the town's art college. 'I love the atmosphere there,' she says, 'and no, I'm not shy at all.' We had no difficulty appreciating Tara's artistic merits when she slipped unabashed out of her clothes for us. But Tara insists that looks are not all. She is keen to start acting, and as she puts it: 'It seems that you have to be a dolly bird but it's obvious that acting talent these days runs to more than looks. The problem is starting.' Happily,

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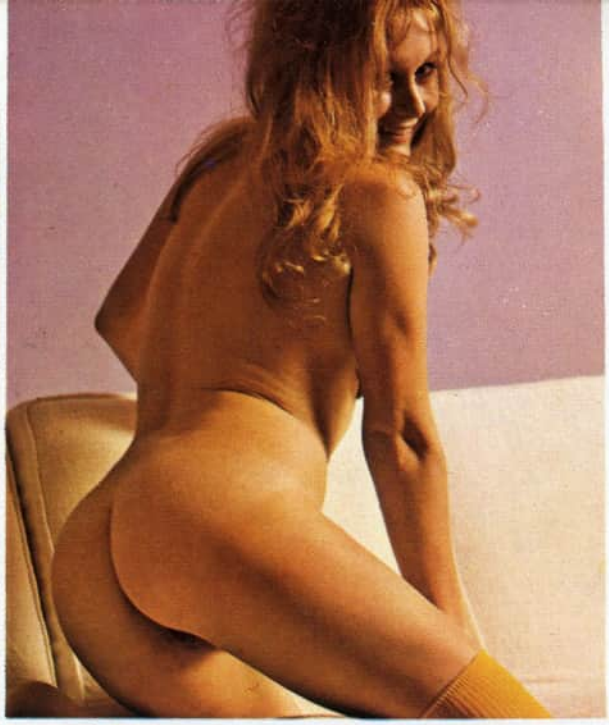

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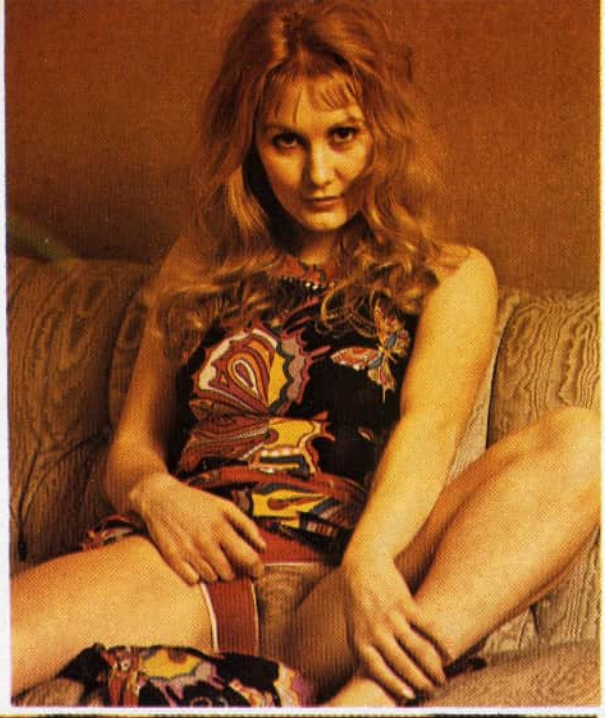
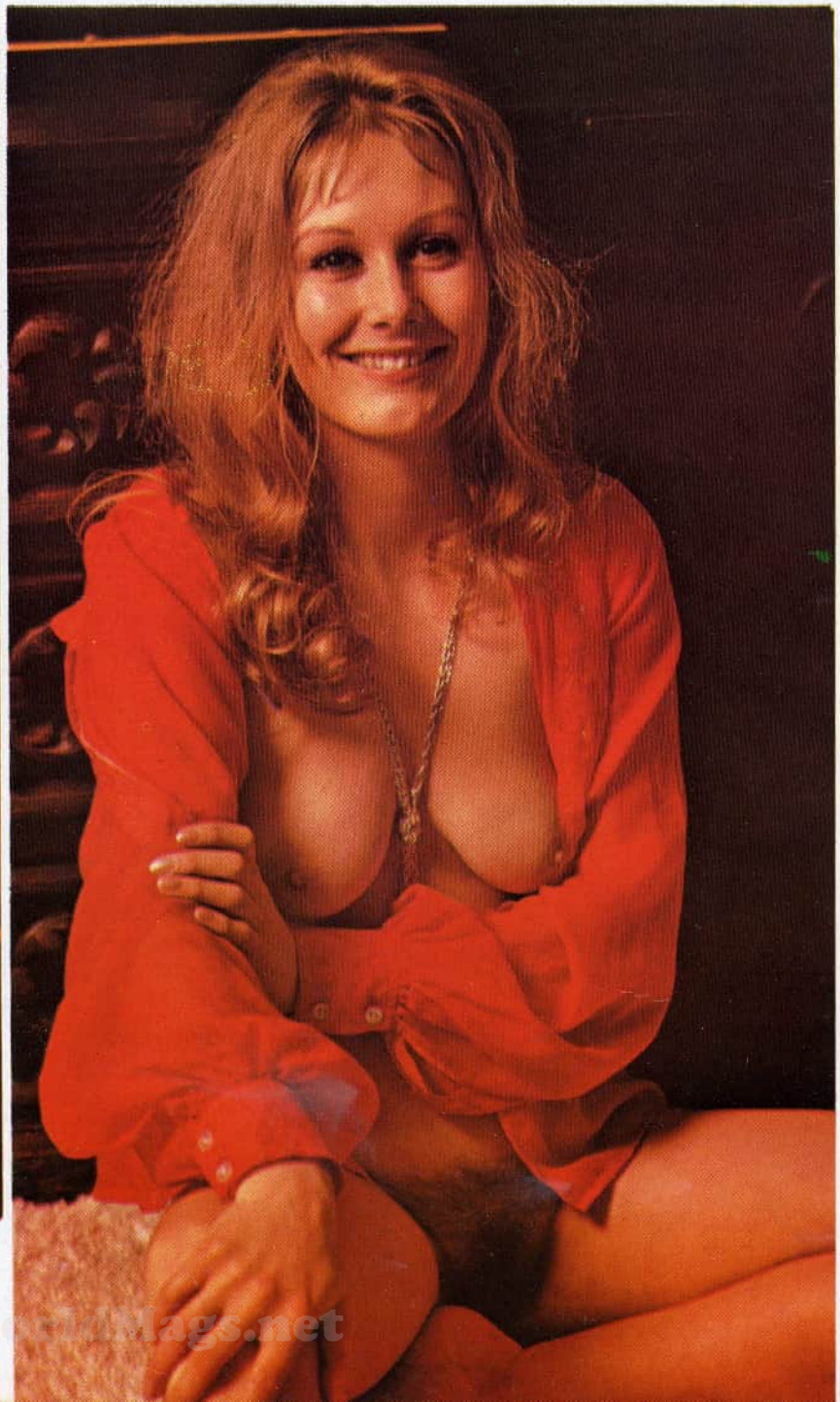


Tara has appeared, albeit briefly, in the film 'Diamonds are Forever' and the American TV series 'The Name of the Game'. When she is not working – or moving – Tara reads avidly, is a keen fan of her local football team and, above all, goes to parties. 'I love parties and I go to as many as I can get into.' We could not imagine that she would have many problems in that direction. Needless to say, Tara has lived in London for a time and she found plenty of parties there. 'Just like everyone else I was conned into the idea that London is where it all happens, but although I was sometimes a bit lonely it was a lot of fun most of the time.' But the big city's attractions were not enough to stop Tara's own special need to stay on the move and she passed on to pastures new. She would most like to go to South Africa. 'But not for too long,' she adds, laughing. Ambitions? 'To find the man of my dreams, for a start.' Tara's still making up her mind on that score, but that lucky man will know all about it when Tara's travels take her to him. So where does she go next? 'Somewhere new, I think.' But not too far, we hope.



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'This is a fine time to tell me you want to become a Buddhist.'

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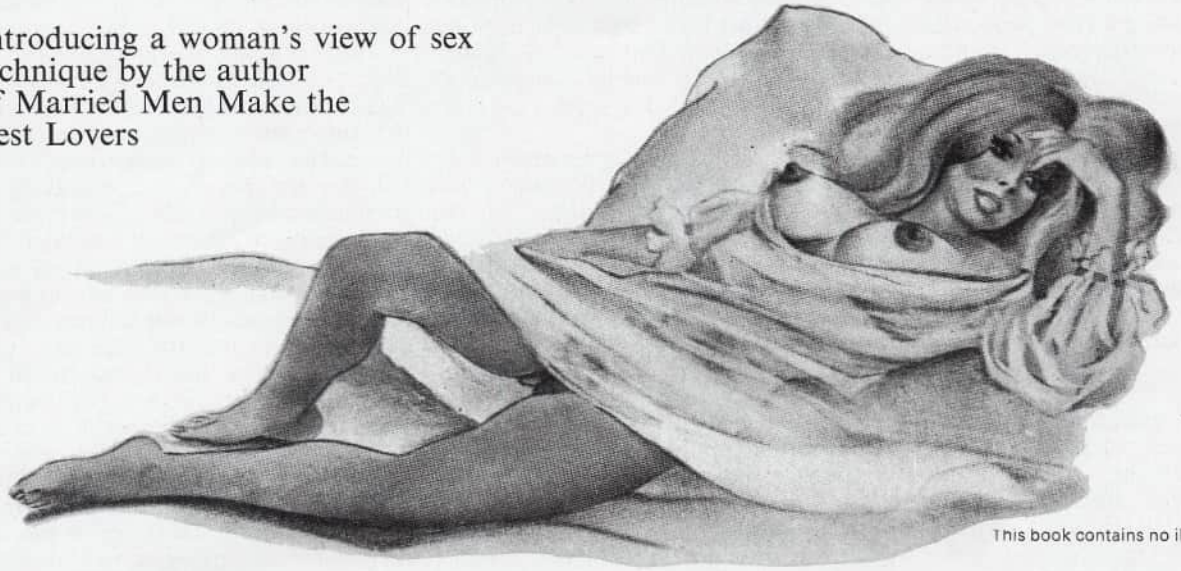
Now that you've got me here what are we going to do?

Introducing a woman's view of sex technique by the author of Married Men Make the Best Lovers



This book contains no illustrations

Lying in bed with a naked and willing female you're raring to go for a bout of extended love making. But what does *she* think, what does she want to *feel*, how can you give her *everything* she desires?

At last a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns women on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might otherwise take years to discover. In wise and witty style, Ruth Dickson, author of *Married Men Make the Best Lovers*, tells how to find and manipulate the elusive clitoris, the precise point to reach in a woman's vagina that will drive her wild, the exciting details of the Most Exquisite Caress of All. And frank advice like this for the lucky female herself: 'When *you* decide it's intercourse time, get on top and slowly, slowly, slide over his penis. But not all at once. Just as you teased him with your mouth, you can now tease him with your body. Move up and down a tiny little bit, so that just the head is entering you. As you do this contract your vaginal muscles, so that the effect is a sucking one. He wants to get *all* of it into you, but don't let him. At least not yet. The longer you prolong the act, the better the grand finale will be – for both of you.'

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ORGIES UNLIMITED

By John Parkinson

Have you ever been to an orgy or heard any of those stories of wild, debauched parties? In this article an experienced investigator makes his own personal survey of the group sex scene and finds out just how much truth there is behind all the fantasies

Naked, nubile crumpet everywhere. An abundance of bare boobs and bums. Thighs parted, pussies panting in anticipation, a horde of voluptuous females lie before you, begging to have their randiness relieved. You, Superstud, roam amongst them, reducing each one in turn to a state of grateful, exhausted satiation.

If that is your idea of a sex party, forget it. Quite apart from the fact that the demands of even one woman are enough to leave most men limp and literally shagged out, that sort of party just does not exist. The parties which do exist – and there are a lot of them – are as varied as the people who attend them.

To begin with, there are the purely commercial ones. Run either by professional ladies or the type of man who lives on the earnings thereof, they usually consist of a blue film show followed by the opportunity to have it away with the lady or ladies present. An entrance fee is charged and you have to bring your own booze.

Obviously it is in the interests of the promoters to drum up as many men as possible. If they succeed, there may not be enough girls to go round, making it a matter of pot luck whether or not you get your share.

Such parties are the farthest cry of all from the fantasy orgy described above. Their appeal is limited almost entirely to men who have no sex partner and are very hard up for a bit.

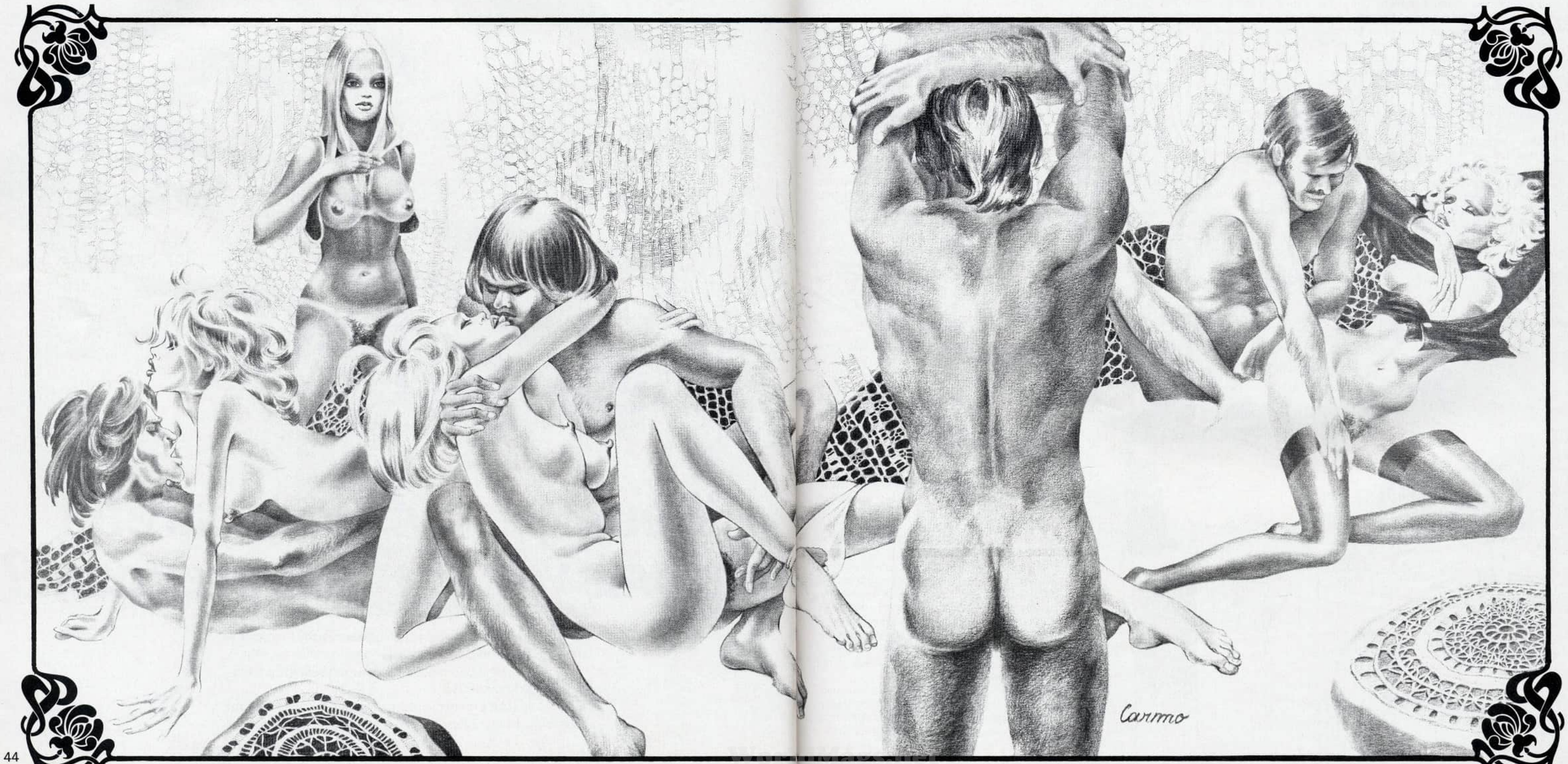
Most parties, however, are not commercial. A few are run by clubs, out of which the organiser may earn a small profit for his trouble. The majority are simply arranged by private individuals for the pleasure of themselves and their friends, just like any normal party.

Many of these are, in fact, nearer to being normal parties than they are to being orgies. In one room people dance, drink and chat. Every now and then a couple disappear, returning a little later wearing that tired but happy expression produced by a good orgasm. 'Couples only' and 'bring a bottle' are the normal rules for these parties which differ from straight ones only in that the person you come with is rarely the person you came with.

Such affairs are often called swapping parties. There is a distinct advantage in doing your swapping at a party rather than by meeting other couples one at a time. When just two couples meet, it frequently happens that Mr A and Mrs B fancy each other whilst Mrs A and Mr B do not. At a party there is nearly always someone you fancy.

The main disadvantage of this kind of party where couples filter off to bedrooms and make love in private is that there may not be enough bedrooms to go round. Neither of the normal solutions – first come, first served or a limit on the time a bedroom may be occupied – is entirely satisfactory. In the orgy proper this difficulty just does not arise since all the action takes place in a single room. Indeed, experienced orgiasts consider it highly dishonourable to sneak off and do your thing in private.

Not that orgies are without their own



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'I suppose one might call them Hell's Belles.'

OPINION

consultancy with Vintner

same time, a look at some of the letters and replies should afford many of our readers a unique insight into some of the human problems which are all too often, and regrettably, hidden from our doctors. Dr Vintner feels that most GPs have little time to devote to such cases. His guidance is intended to complement the reader's doctor's advice.

time after entry within the vagina when the movement and warmth gradually restore the feeling to normal, by which time it is possible to ejaculate. The alternative method is to fit a constricting ring around the base of the penis which will help with control. A number of these are offered by suppliers of sex aids whose literature should be consulted. Finally, if your fiancee is agreeable, she could always squeeze the coronal ridge of the penis. This reduces the erection slightly and she could then stimulate it manually until full erection is again evident. By alternating this procedure a measure of control could be exercised. With the girl in the female superior position, you laying on your back and she sitting on her heels she could whenever ready simply slide the erect or semi-erect penis into her vagina and move up and down on the shaft. This will also provide clitoral stimulation far more easily prior to and even during the act of intercourse. It will be found that with regular practice the premature ejaculation gradually comes under control until you are able to adopt the regular position.

We have been married now for some years and although we have a normal sex life we do occasionally experiment with varied sexual techniques. My wife has now suggested that we try what she calls a 'well-used and respected deviation'. By this she means anal penetration combined with clitoral stimulation. I am quite willing to give it a try. But is this really a perversion or deviation? Also, what of the aspect of hygiene? Should a sheath be used as a possible defence against an infection? I also understand that lubrication must be used but I wonder if any specific type should be used for this? I know this is a delicate subject but I feel that it is time that some advice – or reassurance – was given. A.O., Stockholm.

I must point out that the laws of the United Kingdom do not permit the indulgence of this 'well used and respected deviation' between heterosexuals. I will not concern myself with Swedish law on this subject but British readers should take note. Although this is a subject not often discussed there is no reason why the technique should not be adopted as a variation if both partners agree and are willing to undertake it. However, before this method is actually tried perhaps I might suggest that normal vaginal entry be tried, but from the rear. This produces entirely different sensations for the woman as pressure is applied to the opposite sides of the vagina. It may be carried out sideways on, in bed with the woman face downwards, kneeling, bending over, sitting on the man's lap, and a host of other positions which will suggest themselves after the first attempt. For anal penetration it is obvious that the bowels should be emptied prior to the event, as this may have an effect similar to an enema. And that could be pretty disastrous. A thorough washing and absolute cleanliness are vital while some scented talcum can do no harm. Prior to the actual penial entry the effect could be tested by inserting a well-washed and lubricated finger into the anal orifice which should then be manipulated up and down and in a circular motion. This will give the lady a chance to determine whether she wishes to continue with the full technique.

Providing absolute cleanliness is observed, both of the anus and penis, there is no real reason why a sheath should be worn although in the first attempts this might be a sop to any initial squeamishness. The anal orifice and the sheath or penis should be well lubricated with either one of the proprietary creams or simply with vaseline. It is essential that the woman lets her sphincter muscles relax so that she is able to enjoy this rather novel method of love-making and if the man stimulates her clitoris at the same time she may find that she experiences an orgasm of unusual intensity. The advantage here is that there is no danger of conception and this method is even possible during menstruation.

One word of warning. Do not immediately follow anal intercourse with vaginal entry without carefully washing the penis as otherwise there is the possibility of infection.

We invite readers to submit any problems they feel Dr Charles Vintner can help with. All letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. Because of delay between receiving a letter and publishing an answer, letters to be used in the magazine may have the advice sent direct to the letter writer in advance of publication. Letters which are not to be used will not receive a private answer. No correspondence can be entered into.

Please do not waste our time and yours with invented problems and spurious addresses.

Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

SECOND

Mayfair's medical

Dr Charles

The response to this new reader service has been very encouraging since we launched it in the New Year. Some of the problems raised in this and undoubtedly in future issues, may appear bizarre, but we hope that the broad scope of personal matters discussed will allow readers with every sort of sexual or medical problem to tell us about them. At the

While my wife was away in hospital recently, my 15-year-old daughter persuaded me to take some nude photographs of her. Since then she has often showed me herself in the nude and on occasions has brought me tea in my bedroom, served me meals and done the housework all whilst totally naked. This has come to an end since my wife returned home but I must confess that the experience has given me pleasure despite the unfortunate connotations of the situation. J.F., London, W.7.

Whilst I have absolutely nothing against nudity within a family provided that it has always been an accepted part of their life, i.e. as nudists, sun worshippers, etc., I do feel that this situation is fraught with considerable dangers and could lead to very unpleasant circumstances should the facts be wrongly interpreted.

In the first instance the daughter is only 15, and that age is below the official 'age of consent'. The other factor which you may not fully have appreciated is that even in this permissive age any physical relationship between a father and daughter comes under the heading of incest which could lead to a very nasty court appearance and all the disgrace involved both for the father and the daughter.

You appear to have been attracted by your daughter's nude appearance and I sense from your letter that this attraction had a sensual and physical side, even though you may not realise it. Her subsequent display of her nakedness on a variety of occasions and your enjoyment of these little tableaux indicates that an attraction quite outside that of father and daughter was developing. Had it gone on for much longer, who knows just where it may have led.

One very important thing that you have completely overlooked is that you are now in a very vulnerable position and have left yourself wide open to all sorts of awkward future consequences. Just imagine that at some later stage your daughter has a boy friend and, for any reason, she has a violent disagreement with you and tells the boy friend all about the nude photography etc. Where would that leave you? Then there are those incriminating photographs. Say, just for example, your wife happens to find them one day while you are away from home, confronts your daughter with the evidence, and does not believe her answers. Just imagine her feelings. She was away in hospital, her husband took nude photographs of her daughter while she was ill and told her nothing about it. As this, I imagine, is not a regular activity in the household her reactions would be a foregone conclusion. Don't be a fool, J.F. Destroy those photographs.

I am 22 years old and uncircumcised. When my penis is erect and the foreskin is pulled back it moves easily but when the top is fully revealed the foreskin grips very tightly around the shaft. So tightly that ejaculation is impeded. This is painful but my doctor did not think it worth worrying about. But I plan to get married soon and I am very worried about this. Are there any creams available to slacken the skin or will circumcision be necessary? A.D., Paignton.

I am not aware of any cream or other substance which would be of any help in making the foreskin stretch although a suitable lubricant such as KJ jelly might make the movement over the glans easier. It is possible that mechanical stretching might help but this cannot be guaranteed. However, it might be worth trying to stretch this physically by gripping either side while the penis is slack and if this is done regularly there may be some improvement.

But the only real cure which would eliminate the pain entirely is circumcision and your family doctor should be able to arrange this quite easily at your local hospital. Normally this is quite a simple operation, usually carried out under a local anesthetic with out-patient treatment for a few days thereafter. Sometimes an overnight stay in hospital is recommended but within two or three weeks everything is cleared up.

As you are planning marriage I suggest that this be carried out at least a month prior to the event so that by the time you go on your honeymoon you will be finding no pain or difficulty in intercourse.

Although I encounter no problems in obtaining an erection I have long suffered from premature ejaculation. I also experience a reduction in the stiffness of the organ prior to entry. This renders me virtually impotent. I have confided in my doctor who, after examining me, declared that there was nothing physically wrong with me. I have also experimented with a number of desensitising applications – all without success. I have not yet made love with my fiancee because of my lack of confidence and I cannot bring myself to tell her of my problem. J.M., Oxford.

As you have tried some desensitising agents I would suggest that you continue your tests to see whether one of the many preparations available proves suitable. 'Stud 100' has been found to be remarkably effective in many cases as it literally freezes the penis and eliminates any sensation until some

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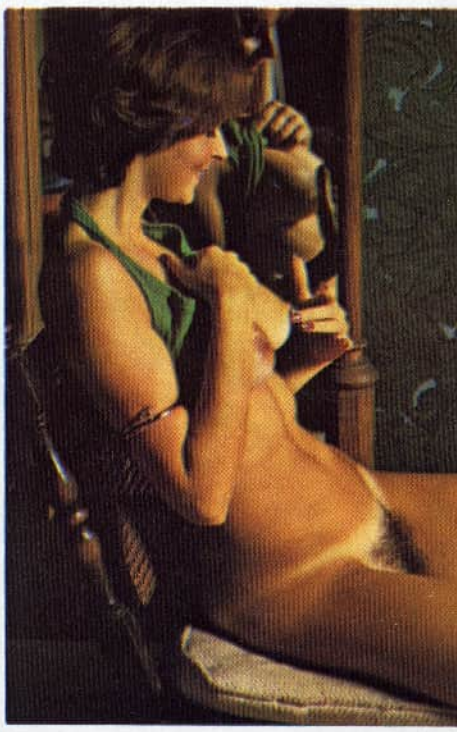
PENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

Penny Priestley is the south coast's best-known beauty queen. She is the reigning Miss Brighton as well as Miss Brighton Lions, Miss Argus and Miss Horsham. And if you live in the south you probably saw



Penny in the finals of Southern TV's beauty contest. She was runner-up and many thought she might have won. So she has been in the public eye before. But we have talked her into allowing you a rather more intimate look at her prize-winning assets than the judges ever had in all those contests. Penny tells us that she's never modelled nude before. Well, it's never too

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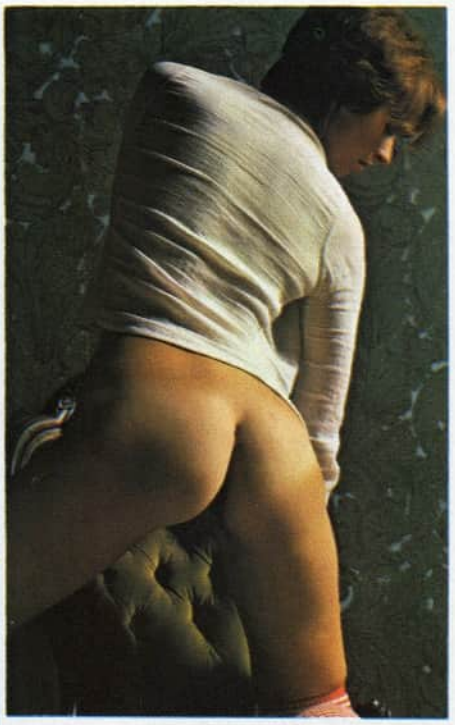
late and she is certainly a winner when that swimsuit comes off. That 37–23–36 is a figure not to miss. Not that Penny's five feet 10 inches and stunning choice of clothes make her inconspicuous. Does she dress for sex appeal? we ask. 'Of course I do. Wearing trousers just a bit too tight, for instance. I never wear a bra and I prefer to do without pants.' Tights? 'No, normally nothing.'



Penny is just as candid about her past. She was born in the summer of 1949 in the Sussex town of Uckfield and went to the secondary school there. Her sexual development started early: 'I had a fantastically passionate affair with a 16-year-old schoolboy when I was 13,' she recalls. Did sex come into it? 'The real answer is no, but it was all but . . .' she admits with a wide smile.

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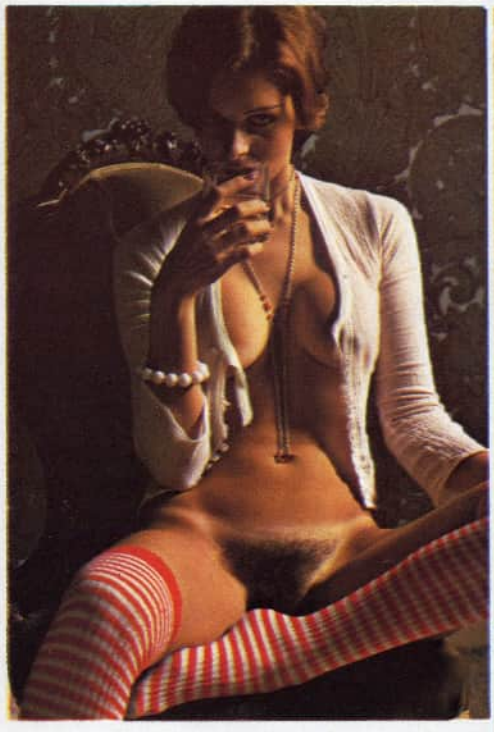
When did she first have sex? 'This will rock you,' she says, 'I had a bee in my bonnet about marrying as a virgin. I did not marry till I was 19 and I was a virgin then.' She met her husband, Royston, at Loughborough College, stayed with him there till he finished his course and returned with him to Sussex. And Penny's feelings on sex now? Did she think about men not knowing she was wearing no underwear, for



instance. 'No,' she replies, 'I'd be more likely wondering what *they* were wearing.' Candid as ever. What turns her on most? 'Anyone touching my breasts. That does it – Wow! I've got terribly sensitive breasts.' And what is her fondest fantasy, we ask. To be locked in a room with a dishy man,' she says, 'with cushions all over the floor and him doing to me all the things I like.' What would that be? 'That's one secret I'll keep.'

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MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PENNY PRIESTLEY

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where she works. 'I used to squeeze into terribly tight bras because I was so very embarrassed about being big in front. Then this boy I knew suggested I did some nude shots for him. I realised then I had something to be proud of. I've never been embarrassed since.' So unembarrassed that she once turned up for work bra-less under a nylon coverall. A husky laugh at the memory. 'You ought to have seen the men customers' faces. Their eyes were popping out. I don't think they'd ever seen anything like it.' Bobbie, we know how they felt.

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BOBBIE

Warm hands cup 40 inch breasts ripe to bursting. Bobbie gives a knowing grin. 'I had a boyfriend once who said he'd give the earth to do that.' Her laughter is like a dry wind through corn. A husky rustling. It's the third thing you notice about 19-year-old Roberta May Evert. 'Roberta, I ask you!' she pouts in a way that makes liking and lusting inevitable. 'I've always been Bobbie.' She's been 40–24–38 since she was 16 at a local school in Leeds, Yorkshire. Five feet 2 inches tall, she's a bright bundle of fun whose ample form draws male eyes like magnets at the large store

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The Preacher's Lay-Wife

continued from page 11

I've ever seen in my life. Two peach-skinned globes clefted and touching in seductive provocation.

I moaned softly.

She lowered herself onto the nylon sheets; the luscious orbs quivering. On her back she stretched lazily, adjusting the pillow beneath her head. Without once looking in my direction Helen sighed deeply, yawned politely and closed her eyes.

I threw off the robe and got down quickly. Though not a vain man I was impressed by the size of my phallus. It was standing proud, sprouting between beefy thighs with a fierce rigidity, hard as a stair-rod. Trembling in anticipation of I knew not what, I lay myself down alongside the erotic vision of female pulchritude.

She was enjoying the sun, her breasts rising and falling evenly.

Cripes! Look at those nipples! Battered and erectile.

A delicate fragrance delighted my nostrils. Musk? Her flesh was anointed with the perfumes of Araby.

Furtively I stared down the gleaming flat plain of her stomach, beyond her comely navel, to the heavy growth of brown curls framing, yet so inadequately guarding her.

'Nice?' I croaked.

'Heavenly!' She opened her eyes. 'It's real swell, honey.' Raising herself on her elbows. I held my breath, confidently waiting some reaction . . . heard her swiftly indrawn gasp of . . . outrage? Admiration? Shading my eyes I saw it was swaying menacingly, graceful as a swan's neck. I peered up into her face.

Mrs Upp was staring fascinated at the grotesque object pointing up my belly towards her open mouth.

She shuddered, turned onto her side, looked with haunted eyes deep into mine own.

'Gee! Honey! Ah . . . didn't figure . . .'

I shivered as slender fingers touched my flesh, as the shy wife got a good grip on the inflamed organ down the stem. She had captured it, leaping and flashing, so throbbingly alive.

I moaned. 'Please! Helen . . . No! We mustn't!'

'It's so . . . manly,' she whispered and I thrilled spunkless then to feel the fair maid daintily yet so effortlessly pull my foreskin right up over the top of the glans. I noticed how delicately the tips of her thumb and forefinger touched in happy meeting.

'It's been so long,' she sighs. 'Since Ah did anything like this.'

A raspberry nipple sort of scrapes across my slavering lips as she again gives it the old one-two.

I spasm in ecstasy. 'Darlin'! Helen . . . we shouldn't . . . it's sinful.'

Madam is breathing hard: she rubs her X-category filmstar frontage over my face once more before sort of absent-mindedly murmuring. 'Please, honey . . . forgive me.'

In sheer disbelief I see the lovely head move down my belly as she twists her torso sideways. It was only when soft lips engulfed my glans that I could really believe that the chaste wife was busily engaged on a head job.

'F'kin 'ell!' I muttered helplessly and watched the naked wench cup me with one hand as with lips and tongue she shamelessly fellated me.

'Oh, beloved! Don't!' I whined. Hamming it up. 'It's . . . not right!'

For wonderful minutes I just lay there, body twitching, as Helen Upp stroked me with her lips, lubricating me with her tongue. I knew that this exciting perversion had been introduced into Lesbos by the Phoenicians and had been enthusiastically practised in ancient Greece. It was a new experience for me to observe an unclothed American lovely surrendering so completely to her carnal appetites right in my own backyard, so to speak.

I found my hand was stroking her velvety bottom lovingly. Idly I caressed the yielding flesh; pushed my finger deep, in between the gorgeous buttocks. Her legs parted mechanically and it slipped through the inviting cleft . . .

She groaned. 'Gee!'

I groped her avidly.

It was all happening, down there in the quiet glade.

At last Mrs Upp lifted her head. She looked slightly dishevelled, pink-cheeked and breathless. Speechless, I watched her splendid mamillaries lurch as the nude wife

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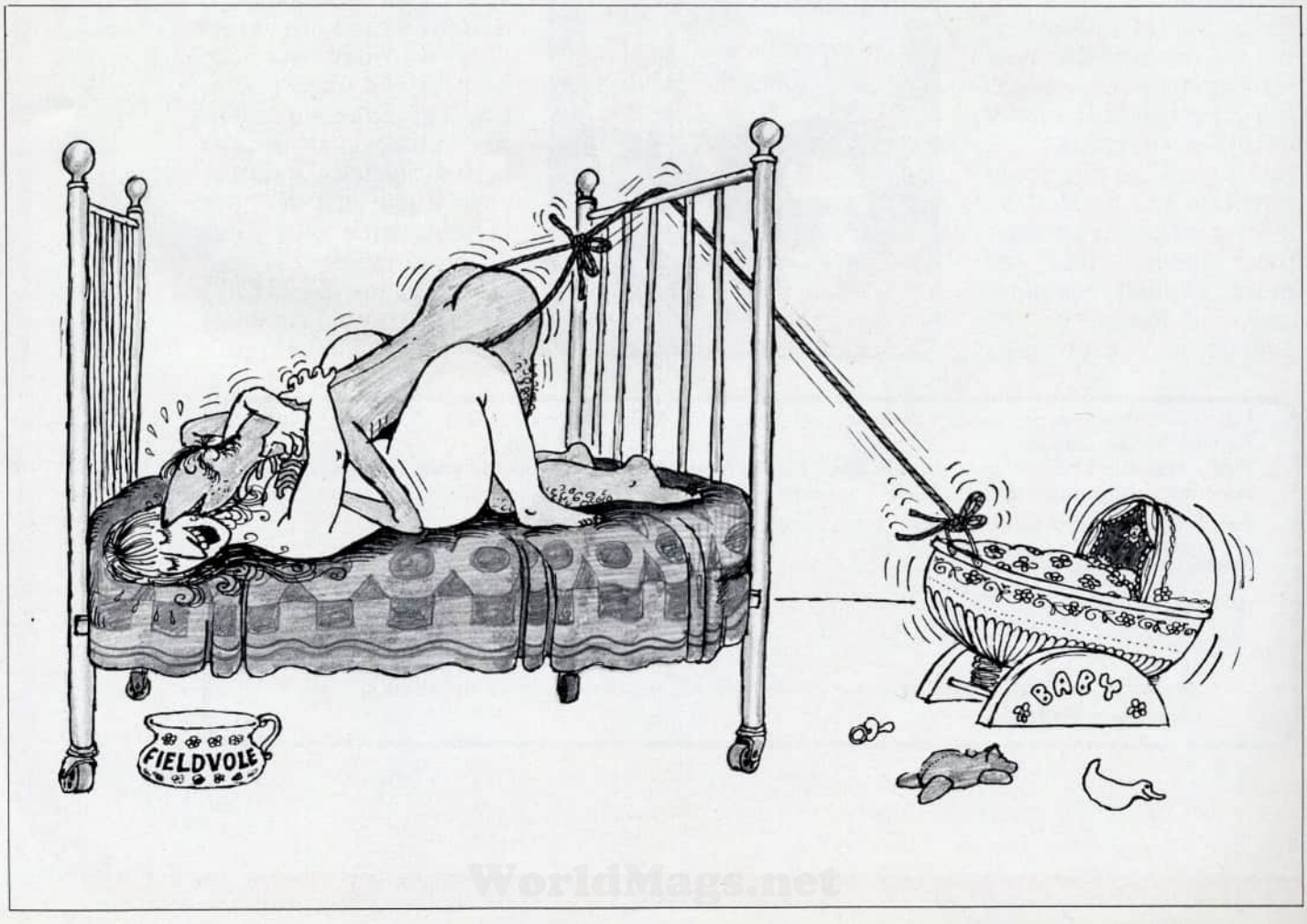

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SMOKEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

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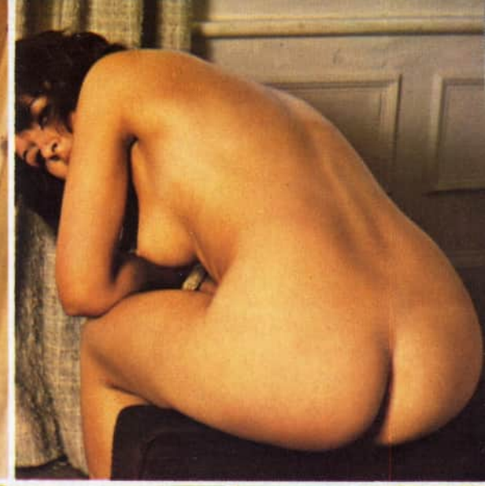
Bright-eyed and soft-mouthed Smokey lounges in the bay window of her first floor flat overlooking bobbing boats and grey sea. 'Whoops!' she grins with a warmth that scalds. 'Don't want to give the Sunday trippers the thrill of their lives.' While sedate Leigh-on-Sea busies itself outside, Smokey sidesteps our photographer and plumps her 35–25–35, nude and bouncy as a rubber ball, on a steel-sided arm chair. 'I thought,' she regards us with slow-blinking sultriness, 'you always phoned girls up after they'd been photographed.' Her look turns loins liquid. We cough politely. Some girls, we explain, are better met in the flesh. A coy blush that flows from dark hair to dark hair. Smokey brightens again, draws up knees to hug smoothly pink breasts. 'Are you going to do a *Quest* on me? You don't mind if I'm starkers, do you? It feels quite natural now. It's the only way for me to tell the devastatingly lurid details of my sex life.' Smokey was born 22 years ago in North Essex where she was 'a very nice girl, but a bit loud.' After a secretarial course she went temping in the City then at 'a very impressionable 18' took the commuter train to Fulham 'where my education began.' She had, she freely admits,

a lot of boyfriends and did 'most of what it's possible to do, including waking up in bra and panties one morning on a London park bench. Luckily it was summer and very early.' A boyfriend decided on her unusual name. 'No Smokey without fire. I was everyone's little Miss Sunshine.' Time, she thought, to take things easier, and another train to the Southend area where she now shares a flat with two other girls. Easier? we queried, having first spotted Smokey about to burst into flame dancing topless in a nearby public house. 'I started it to help a friend and make some extra money, but I honestly enjoy it now. I love music and I'm told my breasts are firm enough to take the violent movement. But it's a joke thing really. It's quite sexy but not pornographic.' Hadn't she ever been encouraged to slip out of panties too? 'I danced at a private party once – something I don't do now – and made the mistake of having a bit to drink beforehand. Probably it was the friendly atmosphere but I danced myself off into a little world of my own. Suddenly there was this horrible silence and the sound of heavy breathing. I'd slipped right out of my panties. I was lucky not to get raped.' No Smokey without a blaze, indeed.



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QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Six

Women's sexual fantasies are very much a cliche of modern, more sexually aware society. It is generally assumed by men and denied by women that the female sex secretly craves the brutal affection of the rapist, the whiplash of a dominant male or the blatant erotic freedom of the stripper. Yet the very fact that these fantasies are discussed so widely among women suggests their genuine power. This month Quest examines the background to this assumption and discovers three women who were prepared to admit not only to active indulgence in sexual fantasies but to reveal that in certain situations their hidden erotic daydreams left them so sexually vulnerable that they felt compelled to act them out.

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INTRODUCTION

How important is sexual fantasy and how far will a woman retreat into her daydreams through frustration or force of circumstance?

Certainly sexual fantasy plays an important role in the frequently soul destroying routine of our daily lives. This, Quest has found, is equally so for men and women. The quiet unapproachable blonde you share a train compartment with each morning and who features vividly in your erotic dreams, may be enjoying similar sexual daydreams herself.

Our Quest interviews this month suggest that it isn't only the bored housewife who will throw herself on her sexual imagination to while away an uninteresting afternoon of tiresome chores. We thought the interviews that follow of special interest because here were instances where women actively tried to move their fantasies into reality.

Not all women were eager or inclined to take their fantasies this far. Only in perhaps three out of ten cases did women attempt to add reality to the fantasy. In most cases they were content to keep fantasy safely where it belonged.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 28 years old, brunette, town of origin Reading**

This interviewee had been a secretary before her marriage and now worked part time from her home as a local representative for a cosmetics firm. Her husband was a representative for a company of processed food manufacturers. The interviewee drove her own car and the couple had bought their own house on a modern suburban housing estate.

Quest: I just can't believe that a sweet little suburban housewife . . .

Housewife: Oh, we do, we do. Especially me. When that man called selling little frilly knickers I nearly did too. In the flesh. I wonder what it's really like; I've always had a hankering to do it. I mean, Peter went mad, at that party, he went crazy and said I wasn't tantalising at all. I said: 'Well didn't you think I was tantalising?' He wouldn't admit that I was tantalising to the least degree. He said I was getting fat. I think being married all this time he was getting bored with my body. My body, my body. But when I did what I did after we came home he changed his mind about it then.

Quest: Why a stripper?

Housewife: Who knows? It was probably something that happened to me when I was three.

Quest: You've always had a wish to exhibit your body to other men?

Housewife: Not to other women, I can assure you. Why am I telling you all this silly blab anyway? That party was just because I was highly drunk. Anyway you probably think of things too. I bet you do. My husband's a thigh man. That's why he married me – for my glorious thighs. He saw me bending over in a mini skirt in the office and crash there went another handsome bachelor, boom, boom.

Quest: When do you imagine you're a stripper?

Housewife: I don't really. I must have been out of my mind at that party. I'm very sweet and shy really. Especially with strange men. I'm not naughty. Not naughty by nature.

Quest: This is a recurring fantasy when you're alone?

Housewife: Daydreams. It's just naughty daydreams.

Quest: When?

Housewife: I wouldn't like to be a stripper I shouldn't think. I shouldn't think it's quite like my daydreams at all.

Quest: But you do imagine that you're ripping off your clothes in front of strange men and sexually exciting them?

Housewife: God, did I let myself in for all this?

Quest: I think you did.

Housewife: I don't rip them off anyway.

Quest: This was at the party?

Housewife: I wish you'd shut up about the party. I mean I wouldn't rip them off. I'd do it all sexysexiralliry . . . boom, sexily, I mean. I'm flustered now.

Quest: Tell me how you daydream?

Housewife: You mean over the kitchen sink and things?

Quest: Wherever it happens?

Housewife: Only when I'm frustrated.

Quest: When you're frustrated you dream of taking your clothes off?

Housewife: I wouldn't take them off would I? I mean, I'd slide them off and wiggle my bottom and juggle my breasts. Did I say juggle? Jiggle.

Quest: You've tried it?

Housewife: In front of the bedroom mirror. Mind you, I don't suppose I'm very good at it.

Quest: You decided to actually act out your fantasy in front of the bedroom mirror?

Housewife: I was just mooning about with nothing to do. It just sort of happened. That was when the man called selling those little frilly knickers and it was because I was feeling so randy that all that happened.

Quest: Can you tell me what happened?

Housewife: God, I'm stuck with it now, aren't I? He was a thigh man too. I think he was a breast man and a bottom man too. It was all my fault. You can't blame him because if you start in front of a man what else can you expect? He's bound to try and do something isn't he?

Quest: Before this you were fantasising about being a stripper?

Housewife: I was dusting the bedroom furniture and it was a very hot day and I was leaning out of the back bedroom window just dreaming miles away. About all sorts of things at first, then about being a stripper.

Quest: This was the usual fantasy you have about being a stripper?

Housewife: How do you mean?

Quest: When you daydream about being a stripper is it usually the same dream, or does it vary?

Housewife: It's usually the same as before. I think it's not the same as it used to be. I think it changes a little very time; actually obviously it does actually. I add little bits and take away little bits. It would get boring otherwise wouldn't it?

Quest: Can you tell me how the dream starts?

Housewife: Actually it starts with all these men making me do it. And they're all in the old office where I used to work before I met Peter and if I don't make them all have erections Peter will be fired from his job and so I have to do a sexy strip right in front of them all.

Quest: How does it begin?

Housewife: First I'm wearing my best suit and my black shoes and handbag and long gloves and looking very sophisticated. And first I stand right in front of them and wriggle my hips and then I take off my gloves and I start to open the buttons on my jacket and I leave it open and then I open the buttons on my blouse one by one and staring them all in the face and running my tongue across my lips and then I slide my jacket off and drop it on the floor and I keep my blouse on then I lift up the front of my skirt and they can see I'm just wearing black frilly knickers and stockings and suspenders and my high heels and then I push my hips in and out at them and make them go up and down as though I'm sort of squatting over a man, then I unzip my skirt and let it fall off and then I take my blouse off and I'm just in my black bra. Then I undo my bra and squeeze my breasts like that and then I shake them up and down and rub my hands all over them and then I take my knickers down and I put my hand between my legs while I'm squeezing one of my breasts with the other and I sort of grind. I've still got my stockings and suspenders on, actually, and then it just stops.

Quest: You were also acting this fantasy out in front of your bedroom mirror?

Housewife: No, not really. I was thinking a bit of it at first then I looked round for some reason and I could see my bottom in the mirror behind me. Then I wriggled my bottom and pretended I was a man looking at it and I thought it was sexy. Then I thought why didn't I get dressed in all my

sexiest clothes and see what I looked like in the mirror? Now you know what sweet little housewives with big breasts and sexy bottoms do when they're bored and fed up with all the rotten miserable housework on hot days. Did you think my daydream was very sexy?

Quest: You also did it in front of your mirror this time?

Housewife: Why won't you say whether it was sexy or not?

Quest: What did you wear to recreate your fantasy in front of your bedroom mirror?

Housewife: Like talking to a brick wall; all men are the same. Why do I bother?

Quest: If you won't talk about your bedroom mirror tell me about the man who came to sell you some underwear?

Housewife: God, I'd forgotten about him. That was when I was in front of the bedroom mirror in my stockings and suspenders and my mini. They're not supposed to go together because if you bend over the littlest littlest bit the tops of your thighs show.

Quest: You don't normally wear stockings and suspenders?

Housewife: Oh yes. I can't bear tights . . . I can't stand the things. I just don't wear my mini outdoors. I wear my dresses a bit long instead. I do wear tights sometimes . . . I wear them quite a bit actually but not in hot weather . . .

Quest: This time you wore the stockings and the mini.

Housewife: Yes, to be sexy in front of the mirror and my black bra that shows through my blouse and my high heels that make my legs look so sexy and shapely.

Quest: And you began to do your strip fantasy in the mirror like this?

Housewife: Only I didn't have my knickers on.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: I don't want to . . .

Quest: Come on.

Housewife: If the phone hadn't rung in the hall while he was in the doorway it wouldn't have happened. I hadn't even started in the mirror when he rang on the doorbell. Door to door underwear salesman, indeed. It was obvious what he wanted, with an opening line like that wasn't it?

Quest: You were feeling fruity when you answered the door?

Housewife: I was looking at my bottom in the mirror again without knickers and with my stockings and suspenders and it looked very sexy and then the doorbell rang and I went down without even thinking to put knickers on . . . It felt very randy to answer the door actually without knickers on . . . I did it deliberately, actually.

Quest: You were going to flirt if it was a man at the door?

Housewife: I knew it was a man at the door because I nipped into the front bedroom and looked out of the window. I wouldn't have felt flirty if it had been someone we knew. It's not the same.

Quest: What happened when you opened the door?

Housewife: He was a handsome man too. I sound like some soft girl writing to a women's magazine don't I? He looked me in the eye and made me flutter like a virgin; he was so dark and handsome. He was only about twenty. I've got a thing about young men. He was just going to say something and I was looking at him when the telephone rang. I said: 'Hold on a minute,' and I left the door open and lifted the telephone from the hall stand. Actually he could see me through the doorway. I had my back to him and I thought about the mirror as the pips started going and I bent over the telephone on purpose. I bent my knees a bit and leant on my elbows on the table. Angie was telephoning from the other end about some make up rubbish that she wanted me to take over to her. She's right on the other side of the estate and she's too lazy to come over. I knew I was showing something. I know I was, I could feel it. I've never done it before. Actually I don't get a huge number of such handsome young men at my door, anyway.

Quest: What else happened while you were on the telephone?

Housewife: I kept crossing and uncrossing my legs but he just went on standing in the doorway. When Angie rang off and I turned round he had the most handsome lump in the front of his trousers. When I looked at it I think he could see what I was thinking because he blurted out something about he was selling knickers and he'd like to show me them.

Quest: And did he?

Housewife: I invited him to bring his case into the back room but I left the door open just in case it got out of hand. Then he opened his case and started spreading all the most delicious little nylon knickers and lace bras and some of them very wicked in lovely colours all over the floor. He didn't look at me because I think he was a bit embarrassed at the lovely lump in the front of his trousers. We both knelt on the floor and I was picking all these knickers up and holding them in my fingers and some of them you could see everything through if you held them up to the light and some even when you didn't. I kept asking him which ones of the knickers he thought would suit me and holding them up in front of him. It was like strip tease in reverse really. I really lost my head. I suppose in a way it was lucky for me that Mary came round from next door. She didn't actually catch us doing anything but I think she suspected. We were all a bit red-faced and nervous.

Quest: What didn't she actually catch you doing?

Housewife: Me putting the knickers on.

Quest: Tell me.

Housewife: I found a delicious little red pair that were like a G-string and I asked him if I could try them on. His voice was all chokey and his face was red as a beetroot. I didn't lift my skirt up or anything vulgar. I did do it in front of him though. My big chance, I thought. No, that's jokey. I stood up and he was still sitting on the floor and watched me in a shy way. I think he thought I was a nut case or dangerous or something. Perhaps he thought I was a sex-mad nymphomaniac but I was too far gone to bother about that. Anyway I stood up and put them on and I asked him what he thought . . .

Quest: How did you put them on? Did you turn away to put them on?

Housewife: I just put them on in a bit of a sexy way, that's all.

Quest: How – sexy?

Housewife: I lifted up one leg very high so my foot was right in the air and he could see right under my bottom and then I pulled the knickers halfway up my thigh and lifted my other leg in and then I stood with my legs straight and bit apart and my muscles tensed up on my heels and I pulled my skirt up a bit and pulled the knickers up very hard so they were very tight against my crotch and they covered nothing pulled as tightly as that. I put my legs further apart and held my dress and twisted my hips and asked him if they suited me. And he said: 'They're not on properly. They're twisted round a bit'. I was still standing with my thighs apart holding my skirt up and looking at him. And he touched the crotch of the knickers with the ends of his fingers and brushed against my thigh on the inside and he put his fingers inside the elastic and smoothed the material out. I said: 'They're still not comfortable,' and he put one of his fingers just into me under the knickers and I'd worked myself right up and I started pushing my hips forward and then Mary yelled: 'Cooeee, anybody at home?' right through the front door. Cooee, yourself, you silly old cow, I thought. The man jumped away from me and I pulled my skirt down and smoothed my hair back and Mary came wandering in. The man had his underwear still scattered all over the floor. I told Mary quickly he was just selling me some underwear and she raised her eyebrows and I wanted to kill her. The man put all the underwear back in case. Then I sat Mary down and showed him to the door and he told me I could have the red pair free. At the front door he tried to come round behind me and play with me through my legs and I told him to stop it, and slapped his hand away. He just went. I felt a bitch because I knew the red knickers would drive Peter wild when he came home. Those were the ones I wore to the party when I got all sozzled and did that drunken strip you heard about. That's what all the fuss was about. I didn't even take them off. Peter says they're worse than nothing because they show everything off worse than being naked.

Quest: Can you tell me about the party?

Housewife: Everyone round here knows about it now. Really, I don't think anything will make me do it again because everybody gives you funny looks later.

Quest: You were asked to strip at the party?

Housewife: It's been blown up out of all proportion. I only slipped my shoulder strap and took off one stocking and Peter whisked me away so fast I left my coat there. When I was dancing – one of these modern things, my dress kept whirling up and showing my stocking tops and before I knew what was happening everyone was standing in a circle clapping and cheering

Temp: I don't see their faces. They don't have faces . . . they do have faces but I don't see them because they're somehow a nothing face, they're in shadow. I can see their bodies all round me and I can feel it.
Quest: When do you have this fantasy?
Temp: Usually when I go to bed before I go to sleep.
Quest: Do you masturbate during this fantasy, while you think the men are raping you?
Temp: I rub myself with two fingers.
Quest: Do you usually have an orgasm?
Temp: I rub my breasts at the same time. I close my eyes and imagine I meet a man at a party and he takes me upstairs and there are some other men waiting and they all take turns to fuck me and they force me to.
Quest: How do they force you?
Temp: They just do. I just know they're forcing me. They undress me against my will and two of them hold me on the bed and force me to do things. Afterwards I forgive them. I always have to forgive them.
Quest: What happened when this other man tried to rape you?
Temp: He said he knew what I was asking for because I was alone and I was wearing a see-through blouse.
Quest: What else were you wearing?
Temp: Hot pants.
Quest: Very tight sexy hot pants?
Temp: Yes. Rather shiny hot pants.
Quest: And tights?
Temp: Honestly I don't know now whether I wanted to be raped, exactly, I don't know any more.
Quest: Not tights.
Temp: No, nor panties, but I did have a maxi coat and boots.
Quest: I should think it suits you.
Temp: It does, I think, because I'm quite tall and rather slim. I'm not exactly terrifically beautiful.
Quest: I think you're very beautiful indeed.
Temp: My hair shouldn't be so long. It should be shorter.
Quest: What did this man do?
Temp: He came up behind me and called to me. I stopped to find out what he wanted. I had passed him by the dancehall.
Quest: You had encouraged him to follow you?
Temp: He saw my breasts through my blouse. I gave him a look, only a small look.
Quest: And he followed you and called out.
Temp: Yes.
Quest: What happened then?
Temp: I was close to the wall. He put both his hands against the wall on both sides of me and he put one hand on my breast. I couldn't stop him feeling my nipple and he grunted and I had turned my head as far away as I could as he was trying to kiss me. He pinched my nipples. I tried to push him away. He held both my arms and put his mouth on my breast and bit my nipple. It hurt. I tried to push him away more but he was awfully strong. He took one hand away from my arm and fiddled with his trousers. I suddenly thought of my handbag and my hair spray. I remembered someone saying something about that. I

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knocked the cap off in my bag and fumbled around and he was pressing himself against my bare thighs. I nearly screamed but I pulled out the hair lacquer at last and luckily I pressed the button pointing the right way and it went right in his eyes. Then I ran away.

Quest: And this was the only time you've come so close to being raped?

Temp: Thankfully, yes.

Quest: But you did say earlier that of all your boyfriends, David was the one who understood about your fantasies?

Temp: Yes.

Quest: And you have had many normal sexual relationships with young men.

Temp: Yes

Quest: And you haven't tried to make them rape you?

Temp: How can I tell them that? I couldn't hardly tell you and I'm not going out with you. It's something I can't bear to talk about and if I have to explain everything to the boy I'm going out with it spoils it.

Quest: With David you didn't have to explain anything?

Temp: David understood. He was terrifically sensitive. He was rather masculine as well, but terrifically sensitive. He knew all about it.

Quest: How did he know?

Temp: He knew.

Quest: You must have given some indication of how you felt?

Temp: The first times weren't terrifically successful. David didn't understand at first. I went out with him because he was terrifically good looking and he had a sports car and he knew lots of interesting people. The third time he made me come the way I haven't come for months. He gave me the best fuckings of my entire life, honestly, he did.

Quest: Can you tell me how he did that?

Temp: He took me drinking as we had done before.

Quest: You were sexily dressed this night?

Temp: I think so.

Quest: Tell me what you were wearing?

Temp: My hot pants and my blouse and my boots and my maxi. Everyone was ogling me and looking at my breasts. My nipples rubbed against the blouse and perked up.

Quest: And David made love to you in a different way?

Temp: Yes.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Temp: Up against a wall behind the pub.

Quest: Yes.

Temp: Standing up.

Quest: There was more than that?

Temp: Behind.

Quest: From behind?

Temp: Leaning against the wall with my face against the wall and my body all squashed against the bricks.

Quest: You hadn't been made love to this way before?

Temp: It was as though there were two Davids, one squeezing my breasts and one giving me it from behind while the one in front squeezed my breasts and tickled my belly.

Quest: You hadn't made love that way before?

Temp: No.

Quest: Can you tell me why not?

Temp: Boys don't.

Quest: How do you mean, boys don't?

Temp: They jump on top and give you it still with their trousers on from the usual way.

Quest: Haven't you suggested you make love this way?

Temp: How?

Quest: Haven't you asked a boy to make love to you this way?

Temp: You mean, ask them?

Quest: Yes.

Temp: Oh, I couldn't do that.

Quest: Why not?

Temp: I'm not so forward as that. Honestly I couldn't. Not to ask to be fucked that way. They might think there was something odd with me.

Quest: So normally you would let a boy make love to you and merely do what he suggested?

Temp: Yes.

Quest: And what do they usually suggest?

Temp: They make me suck it.

Quest: Always?

Temp: Quite often. Or they don't say anything and give me a fucking from the usual way.

Quest: And David did it a way you could enjoy more.

Temp: Yes.

Quest: Tell me about that.

Temp: I flirted in a the pub with some of David's friends and David wasn't happy. One of his friends kept brushing my breast through my blouse with the back of his hand whenever we could. We were standing talking together in a circle.

Quest: You didn't imagine that David and his friends might be able to fulfil your fantasy of rape?

Temp: Oh, no; no those are men who haven't faces. I thought you understood. It isn't the same.

Quest: Please go on. David wasn't happy because you flirted with his friends. Is that what happened?

Temp: Honestly I didn't flirt much.

Quest: Let's say you didn't pull your breast away.

Temp: Nor my bottom.

Quest: You had your bottom patted.

Temp: I hadn't met these friends of David's before. They treated me as though I was a new car or something he had just bought.

Quest: And you enjoyed that?

Temp: Yes I did.

Quest: Because it has a bearing on your fantasy and the way the men in your fantasy treat you – as though you are an object?

Temp: Yes.

Quest: And David became angry and took you out of the pub . . .

Temp: Round behind the pub.

Quest: Go on.

Temp: He told me I enjoyed being the centre of attraction and being treated like a whore. Then I was terribly brave because I said, yes, I did. David said then that was exactly how he was going to treat me.

Quest: What happened then?

Temp: He said he would give me a fucking I wouldn't forget right there and then on the spot. When we finished I was bare under my maxi coat in just my boots and my body was glowing and David was terrifically quiet and he said terrifically quietly: 'I think I understand, love.' I said: 'David, do you really understand?' He said: 'I think so and I'll prove it when we get back to my flat.' Then I told him I loved him and he said he loved me also. But he worked for a big company somewhere and they moved him somewhere else. I still love him.

Quest: Can you tell me how you felt when he made love to you behind the pub?

Temp: He made me come.

Quest: How did he make you come?

Temp: I couldn't see his face. It was pitch black dark by the wall and terribly quiet and out of the way. He pulled my blouse open with one tug of his hand and he did the same to my hot pants. He ripped them down, so easily. Then he pushed me against the wall so I had to hold myself up with my hands and he brought both his hands up beneath my coat and lifted it over my bottom. I felt cold air all down my body. David put his hands round the fronts of my thighs and held them apart and lifted my boots off the ground and I knew he was pushing it between my legs and I could imagine it and I felt desperate for it and I loved it. As David fucked me he fucked me into the wall. My bottom came up in the air and my boots jumped on the ground and I went, uh, uh, uh, in my throat and I hadn't made sounds like that before. I was flat against the wall with my coat falling down and my cheek rubbing against the wall. Then I started coming and my thighs and my bottom thrust up and down and I went: 'Uh, uh, uh,' in huge breaths and David came right in me and we came together.

Quest: And after that you went back to his flat in his car?

Temp: I feel exhausted now, after that. Can we stop?

Quest: Yes.

Three **Barmaid, 31 years old, black haired, town of origin Norwich**

This interviewee had worked in the civil service post office department after leaving school for a short time but had later worked as a barmaid. After marrying she had continued to work in pubs. Her husband was a

tanker officer and was away from home for extended periods. They rented a maisonette in a large block of flats.

Quest: You have a fantasy about being spanked.

Barmaid: Well, get you then. A fantasy? It sounds like a fairy tale. And before you ask it, no I'm not unfaithful to my husband. All right he's away at sea for long enough but once through that door he knows damn well, I'll have it out in ten seconds flat and we'll still be in bed five days later. After that who needs to be unfaithful? I get more from Robert than most women get in a lifetime.

Quest: This lasts you until you next see him?

Barmaid: I hope so. The man isn't insatiable.

Quest: You like to be spanked?

Barmaid: Stop going on about that. All right spanking comes into it.

Quest: What else comes into it?

Barmaid: Being a whore, if we're going to be perfectly honest.

Quest: You act like a whore with your husband?

Barmaid: Right.

Quest: It's as much your husband's fantasy as yours?

Barmaid: He enjoys it.

Quest: But basically you've always wanted to be whore?

Barmaid: Basically I am one. I like it that way. I couldn't stand the piddling civil service. I like a man who's a man and who's got a length and a flat stomach to prove it.

Quest: Do you act out these fantasies when your husband is away?

Barmaid: I'm sorry, I do sound like a whore don't I. I'm not all the time. I'm being chronically whorish now, aren't I. Look, I'm not some monster or something. I just like it that way. I can't help it if I call a cock a cock; every woman's a whore at heart. Why I'm acting like this with you, I can't imagine. I'm not this way in the pub. To be perfectly honest I'm good as gold at work. I rarely look twice at another man; I'm too fond of my husband.

Quest: And he likes you to be waiting for him when he comes home?

Barmaid: At times I want to be a whore when he's away and all. I was being whorish with you then.

Quest: Do you mean by that, making love to another man for money?

Barmaid: I'll get very grotty with you in a minute if you say that.

Quest: I only want to clarify this wish to be a whore and what form it takes.

Barmaid: Well, you won't clarify anything suggesting rubbish like that.

Quest: How then, do you act like a whore?

Barmaid: I think about it.

Quest: You mean you dream about it – day dream?

Barmaid: All the things that whores must do. What it must be like and that type of thing.

Quest: And it doesn't go much further than your imagination.

Barmaid: Well, it does and it doesn't. It does with my husband because that's the only time I can sort of you know, act it out.

Quest: Can you tell me how that happens?

Barmaid: I tart myself up in different costumes and such.

Quest: You're dressed in a costume when he comes home?

Barmaid: Right.

Quest: A different costume each time?

Barmaid: And I act it all out in front of him. My husband's never going to stray, you can bet your bottom dollar. It's his big treat when he gets back. No boozing for him with all his shipmates, no women in foreign ports. Well, I believe him when he tells me that, but the speed he gets home – like he can't wait. He sends me a radiogram from the ship telling when he's docking and when he'll be home and I make sure I'm not working and I've got a few days off to enjoy it. There we are, we're all set.

Quest: Can you tell me what sort of costume you dress up in?

Barmaid: I'll tell you about being a schoolgirl. It really turned me on that did, being a schoolgirl because I was imagining it and talking like it for a week before he came home. At times I wouldn't mind being a schoolgirl again; all those men. It's so horny being an innocent schoolgirl when your body is really in its prime. At the time you don't properly realise what an effect you're having on the men every time you bend over in that gymslip or every time you showed your suspenders at a dance or when some boy pulled your hair or you had to bend over in that little skirt to pick up all your schoolbooks. And that smooth young body, what a perfect body I used to have. Hell, I wish I had some pictures of me taken then starkers. I'd look at them now and think how gorgeous I was.

Quest: And sometimes you dress up like a schoolgirl for your husband?

Barmaid: Right. But not the first night he comes home.

Quest: And this turns you on as much as it turns him on?

Barmaid: I'll say it does. I really am like one at times and all. Not as I am now. I talk in a small girlish voice and make out I'm dead innocent and butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and Robert tells me all the things to do.

Quest: Can you tell me how you dress up?

Barmaid: I tie my hair in pigtails and put my make-up on like a young girl first, and I build my titties right up as high as they'll go with a bra so that when the blouse is unbuttoned at the top my titties, or the tops of my titties are like they used to be, big and firm and I shave off my pubes smooth so my fanny is as smooth as my bum. Then I wear a skirt and jacket I sent off for in a clothing catalogue, a pleated school skirt and jacket and black wool stockings that schools wear.

Quest: And you meet your husband at the door like this?

Barmaid: Sucking a stick of barley sugar. It's perverted isn't it? Hell, it must be.

Quest: But you get sexual satisfaction from it?

Barmaid: I love it.

Quest: Tell me what happens after you open the door to him?

Barmaid: I make out he's my uncle and I look up from under my eyelashes with my stick of barley sugar in my mouth and say my mother isn't in and I'm alone in the flat. And he comes in and I say something like: 'I saw you with Mummy and you were sticking something in her the other night. I crept in the room and you had a big thing you were sticking in her under her tummy and Mummy was making funny noises and I'm going to tell Daddy when he comes home.' Then I squat opposite him and he can see my thighs and my knickers and he says, 'That was my stick of barley sugar.' And I say: 'Have you got a stick of barley sugar for me, Uncle?' And he says, no he hasn't and tells me to go away and I say: 'Yes you have got a stick of barley sugar and I want to see it or I will tell Daddy everything. I can see your stick of barley sugar in your pants.' Then I get up and go over and touch his cock and say: 'Look there it is.' Then he makes me promise if he lets me see it I won't tell old imaginary Daddy. Then he stands up and I say: 'Let me take it out, Uncle.' I unzip his pants and pull his cock out and I admire it and start saying: 'What does it taste like. Does it taste the same as my barley sugar. I want to taste it.' I lower my mouth to him and I take his cock in my mouth and taste him. 'It doesn't taste of anything,' I say. 'Are you going to put it in my tummy like you did to Mummy.' And this goes on and on until Robert can't stand it anymore and he gives me a good spanking for being a naughty inquisitive girl. He puts me over his knee and pulls my skirt up and my navy knickers come down and he gives me a good half dozen whacks.

Quest: How does your husband make love to you?

Barmaid: He lifts me from his lap and carries me through into the bedroom and he says: 'Hey, diddle, diddle,' and the schoolgirl bit is over, or the whore bit is over, or whatever it is, and if I'm in schoolgirl uniform for instance I suddenly turn into a big sixth former and I start acting the big frantic sixth former. I start telling him how masculine he is and how big and I pretend he's the PE teacher and I want him to screw me, like the school tart. I say: 'Please Sir, I've got this ache between my legs and it won't go away. I know you can make it go away.' He asks me where and I lift up my skirt and show him and he slips his fingers into me and he asks: 'Does that feel better,' and I act up to him and say. 'That's a little better, Sir, but can't you put your thing in me I saw you putting in Marilyn Jones in the changing room. That made her better.' 'What did I put in her, Joyce?' he says. 'Your cock, Sir,' I say, pretending to blush. And he does. He lifts my bottom off the bed and takes my panties down and he opens my blouse and lifts my titties out of my bra and squeezes them and as he squeezes them he kisses the nipples and I feel his cock coming up between my legs. The first time he climaxes in a few seconds, then he comes back for more, two or three times. I have as many climaxes as he does. And we don't come out for days. I wouldn't have it any other way.

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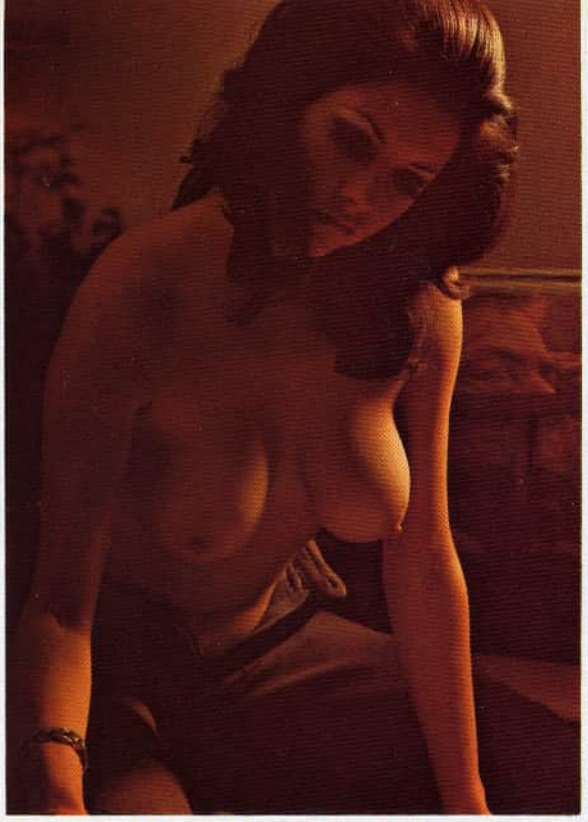

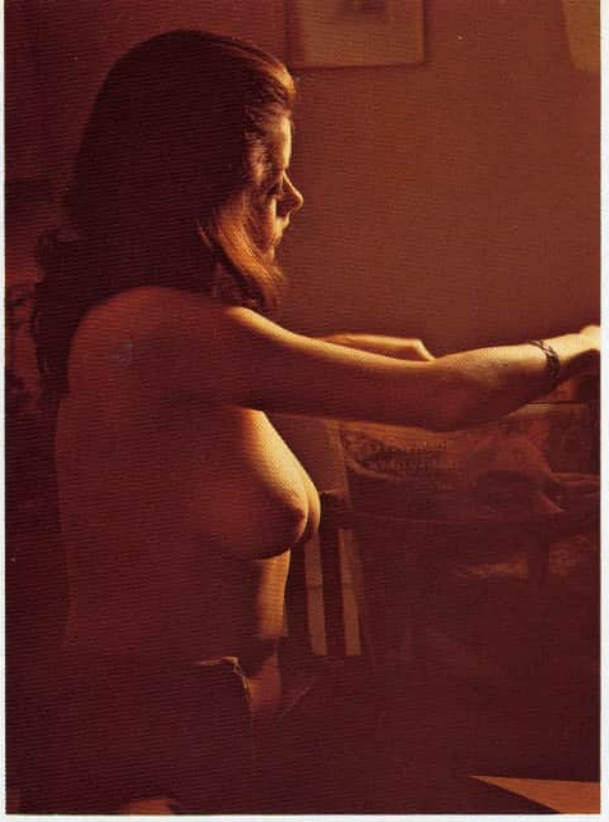

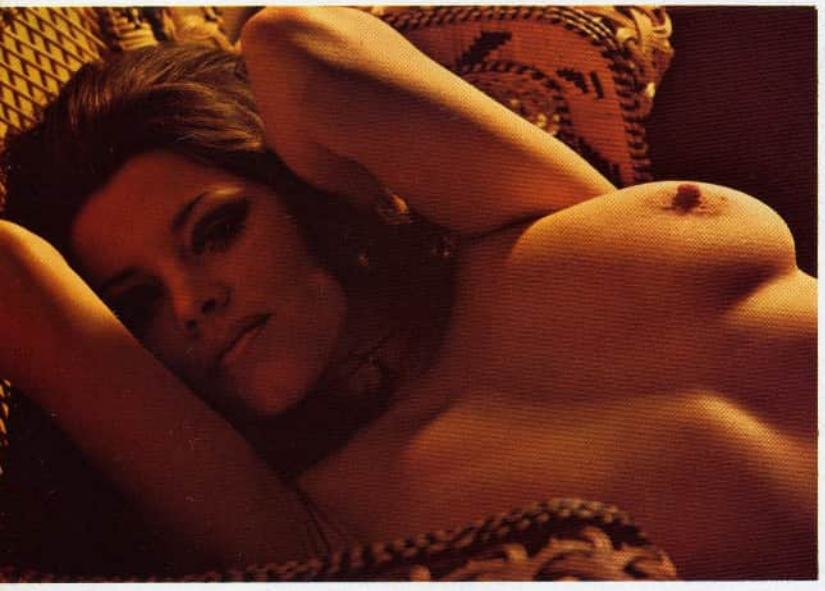

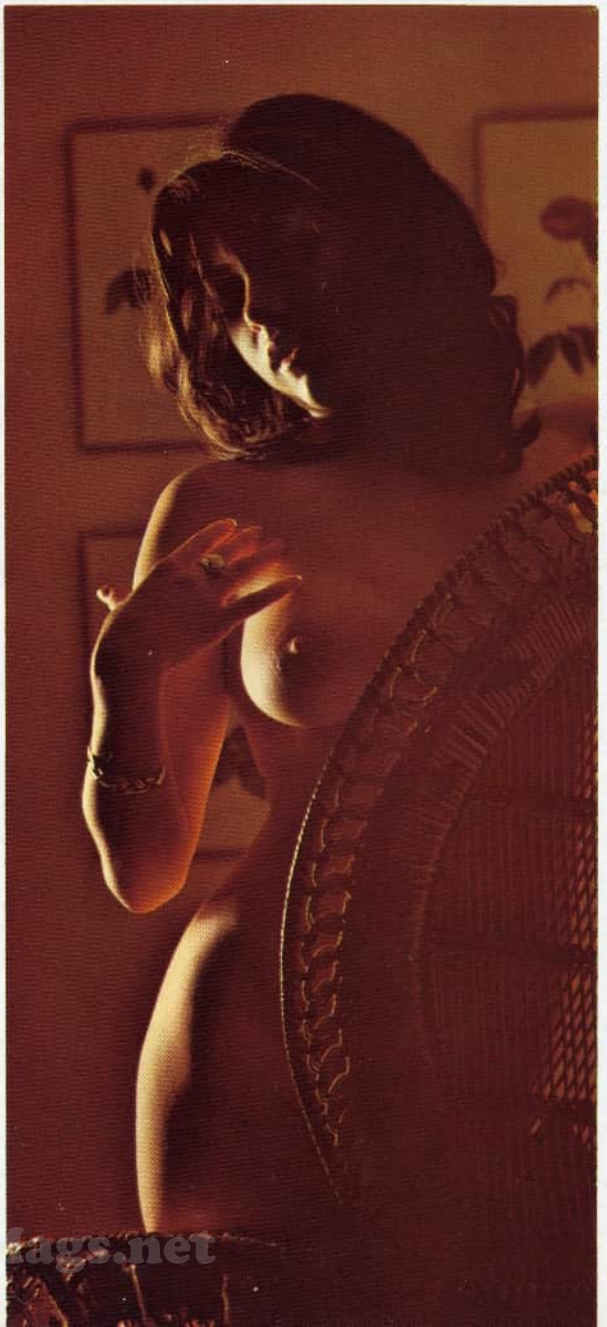

It's not often we get the opportunity to fulfil the fantasies of a beautiful young woman but we've managed it with 26-year-old Annabel Ripin. Draping her eloquent 36–24–36 nude across the pages of a men's magazine has been an exciting thought for her as long as she remembers. 'When I was younger I used to glance at the girls in magazines like *Mayfair* and think, wouldn't it be nice to do that. I'm sure a lot of women feel the same. The only difference is that I did something about it.' Action is something that 5 feet 4½ inch Annabel appreciates. Born in Kidderminster in the Midlands – 'the only thing it's famous for is carpets' – she trotted the globe as fashion designer, croupier and office manageress before taking up her present job with a London escort agency. 'It's a marvellous job for a single girl,' she enthuses. 'I get to go out and have a super time and I'm paid for it.'

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Clients have included governors, company directors, businessmen and one Arabian prince who insisted on taking out 10 girls at a time. 'Most are very wealthy, confident and interesting men.' Interested in a girl like Annabel? A demure smile. 'Officially we're just companions, though you can have trouble enough explaining that. The most respectable-looking men can get terribly upset if you make it obvious you're not going straight to bed with them . . . The only sure way of escape is to make a joke of it. Even the most ardent seducer feels a bit silly if you just laugh at him.' But surely the attraction is sometimes mutual? Annabel shakes glossy hair. 'I've never been the kind of person who can make instant decisions about who they fancy and who they don't. Some of my best boyfriends have been around for ages before I've even begun to notice them. But I know emotional involvement can be a problem. What's surprised me about this job is the number of people in the world who are really lonely. People you'd never normally suspect. Some of the girls can find that hard to resist.' Annabel sees herself as a 'down-to-earth person. I don't like to put on a facade. I'll try anything once.' We're very glad she tried us.

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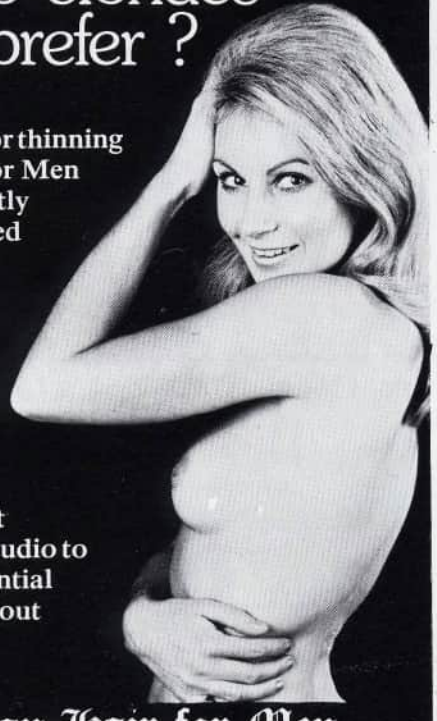

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LETTERS

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gunnery control officer in the fire control top just above, I trained the sights round, and – for the umpteenth time – ordered:

'Enemy in sight! Open fire!'

The silvery bomb sailed past our yard arm. I glanced aft. My heart went cold. In the sunshine I had a split second impression of Gunner Johnny Duggan at the after four inch mounting as he gazed open-mouthed at the descending horror. It hit the quarterdeck a few feet from him, there was a puff of smoke and that was all.

'Good God!'

Beside me, Leading Seaman Pidler echoed my own exclamation. We looked at each other dumbly. Then the Black Swan shuddered as a fountain of water towered up astern. The ship hurtled ahead, listing steeply under full helm, but she still seemed to be in one piece. I looked aft to see Duggan dash to the nearest ladder and vanish below deck. Soon his excited voice came over the telephone.

'You'll never believe it, sir! It's gone through the ward-room, and the fresh water tank, and the after magazine, and then out of the ship's bottom!'

'Not only that, sir,' added our Engineer Officer Germain, when he appeared on the bridge a few minutes later, 'it actually went out between the propellor shafts without touching either.'

So the bomb had pierced four separated thicknesses of steel – three decks, including the quarterdeck at the one point specially strengthened to carry minelaying rails – and a vertical bulkhead. It had passed through a water tank and a four inch magazine still half full of ammunition. Finally, with the ship's stern swinging violently under full helm, it had made a neat final exit plumb between the two prop shafts, a mere 12 feet apart. It then exploded under water, presumably hitting the bottom of the fiord well clear of Black Swan's stern. The three men in the magazine were injured and badly shaken but nobody was killed. And if all that doesn't add up to a miracle, I'd like to hear what does!

In spite of further attacks the Black Swan escaped until darkness fell. Flooded with many tons of water aft and with only 17 rounds of four inch ammunition left, the ship made a nightmare passage in heavy snowstorms down the fiord, out to sea, and finally back to Scapa Flow. After repairs, she served right through till the war ended.

William Donald DSC., Keswick, Cumberland.

While watching the television comedy show 'Billy Liar' I noticed that *Mayfair* featured conspicuously as a prop. It was Vol. 8 No. 11 with the cover photo of Miranda Kay. The title had been changed to 'King Size' but I am sure it was *Mayfair*. Am I right?

P.H., Carlisle.

Indeed you are, sir – along with several dozen other observant readers. The producer of the programme has now promised that if Mayfair *is used again there will be no name changing.*

Your readers' letters have included one or two incidents which have occurred on the London Underground and this has prompted me to write to relate my own experience.

I was down in London from the North on business and after an evening in town I caught the last tube back to my hotel. The train was packed but I managed to get a seat and as this was in the summer there were plenty of young girls in skimpy mini dresses to provide a cheerful aspect to the journey.

But I was suddenly jerked out of my hypnotic state by the pressure of something warm, hard and yet yielding on my elbow. My left arm was resting on the arm of my seat, my elbow jutting out, and I glanced sideways to see that

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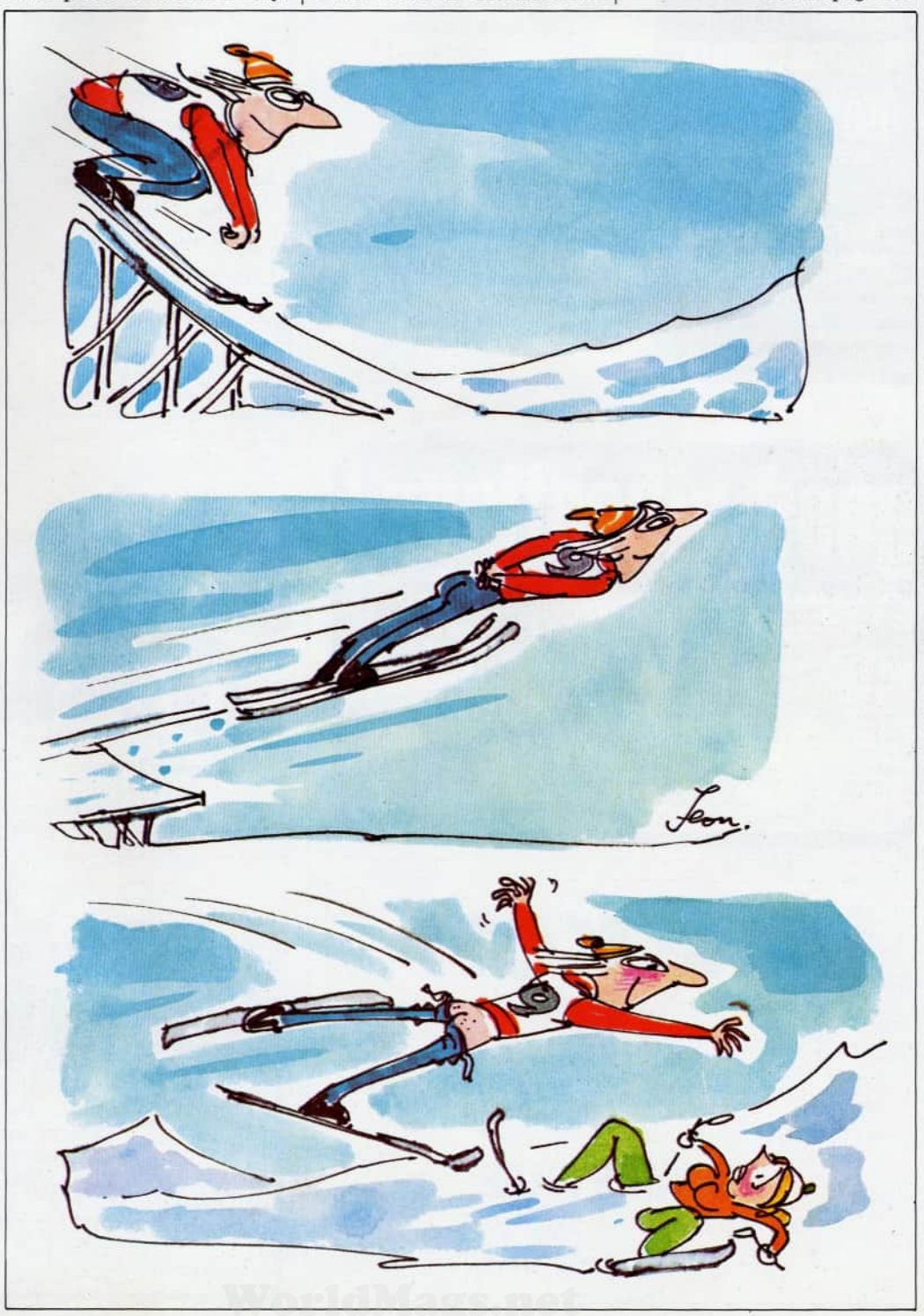

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CARRIE

A quick slip at the launderette shows Carrie when to come clean

LETTERS

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my elbow was pressed hard into a female crotch. I looked up. A tall, lovely blonde girl in a summer dress stood by the side of me, one arm raised holding onto the hanging strap and swaying with the movement of the train. Each time she swayed, her crotch pushed onto my elbow so hard that I could feel the shape of her. I could feel a hardness in my trousers growing and, as I looked up into her face, our eyes met and some sort of current seemed to pass between us. She was lovely, her skin flawless, and her breasts emphasised by the low neckline of her tight dress. The dress was a mini, the hem only just below the level of my elbow. As she swayed and turned and pressed further against me, my elbow somehow got under the hem of her dress and nestled snugly between the tops of her thighs, I felt her thighs open – slightly at first, then more so – as I pushed my elbow further between and under, and I kept glancing up at her to find her looking down at me, a glassy expression in her eyes. She was extremely aroused and was rubbing herself against me harder. I obliged by increasing the pressure and slightly moving my elbow between her thighs. She kept opening her thighs then closing them to grip my elbow as she pushed and rubbed. The bulge in my trousers had grown to an enormous size and I had to clamp my legs together in order to hide it. I looked up at her once again. The look on her face told me she was straining for an orgasm. I increased the movement of my elbow against her crotch. I was so engrossed that I hadn't been noticing the stations going by and when the tube suddenly lurched to a stop I saw that I had arrived at my destination. I stayed where I was – I could not leave this delightful situation, even if it meant going to the end of the line. Suddenly she moved and the pressure on my elbow vanished and two other girls who she was obviously with were pushing her towards the doors. 'What ever is the matter?' I heard one of them ask her, 'Were you daydreaming?'

I jumped up from my seat and found that I could hardly stand up for the great erection in my trousers. I wasn't sure if she had seen that I was getting off and when I hobbled onto the platform I saw that the three of them were some way ahead of me.

I hurriedly followed them out of the station and to my great relief after a short distance her two friends said goodnight and went off in another direction. I continued to follow her. She walked on a few paces, stopped and turned. As I reached her side she said,

'Are you following me?'

'No, not really,' I replied, 'my hotel is just a little further on.'

She looked a bit taken aback but I quickly added: 'But I would be following you even if it hadn't been.'

'Well what about inviting me to this hotel for a drink?' she asked.

We had more than a drink that night! She later told me what had prompted her actions on the tube:

She and her friends had been standing in the train when she felt a hand on her bottom. It was a man standing crushed up next to her and he kept squeezing her bottom but, after a while the pressure of the hand relaxed and disappeared and she suddenly felt something else prodding her behind – something hard, which kept poking the cleft of her buttocks through the thin summer dress. She did not need a second guess as to what it was and decided that no man was going to have a cheap thrill out of her. In the confined space the only way she could move was forward – towards me. The hard protrusion followed her, still prodding her bottom, until she was pressed up against my elbow and couldn't move any further. Then suddenly, something that had been an annoyance became just the opposite. She felt the pressure of my elbow against her crotch and it awakened her sexual desires. Before she realised it, she had felt herself grow wet between her thighs and her whole body had begun to crave sexual fulfilment. The stiff prick prodding between the cheeks of her bottom and now the movement of my elbow nestled between her thighs and rubbing had her aching for an orgasm. By the time her friends had started pushing her towards

turn to page 114

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OOOOPS!

LETTERS

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the exit she had been on the verge of coming.

'Just think,' she told me as we lay in bed together in my hotel room, 'if I had come on the tube, I might have been satisfied and we wouldn't be here now.'

J.R., Preston, Lancs.

I was interested in the letter from Mrs V.L. of Oxford (Vol. 8 No. 9) about the punishment she and her husband administer to each other to their mutual enjoyment. My husband and I practise similar forms of 'discipline'. Sometimes when I am feeling especially sexy I punish him in my own special way. I sneak into the bedroom while he is watching TV, quickly undress and put on one of his old singlet vests, which reaches to just below my buttocks, and a pair of black silky stockings. Then I go into the lounge and walk in front of the TV. When I switch it off my husband knows that he is in for some discipline. I tie his hands behind his head and lead him into the bedroom. Then I slowly remove his shirt while brushing my breasts against his chest. Following this I undo his trousers and push them down far enough to reveal his penis. Then I make him kneel down and I push off his trousers. I sit on the bed and he has to lay across my knees with his head and chest on the bed and his penis clamped firmly between my stocking-clad legs. When in this convenient spanking position I administer about fifteen hard slaps spread evenly across both buttocks and the tops of his legs. I follow this up with a blob of cold cream on each buttock which I rub. When most of the cream is rubbed in I reach under my legs with my hand and fondle him until he can withhold no longer and has an orgasm that really drives him wild.

L.J. (Mrs), Lancaster

I want to thank you for the part that your magazine has had in making our marriage a happier one. One day after we had been married for over two years my husband and I had a terrible fight which caused us to come to blows. After we had wrestled with each other for only about half a minute I overpowered him and pinned his shoulders to the floor with my knees. I don't know which of us was more surprised by the fact that I was the stronger but my poor husband told me that he was ashamed to be so weak and felt that I couldn't possibly have any respect for him. This soon caused our love life to wane and go from bad to worse. That's where *Mayfair* came in. He bought a copy and has now realised that a woman being able to pin a man down is not as uncommon as many people might think and is certainly nothing to be ashamed about. I'm about 30 pounds lighter than my husband but exercise regularly and use my muscles every day. He, on the other hand, has just been sitting behind a desk for years. It would be odd if I couldn't pin him down, don't you think? We now wrestle quite often (but not in anger) and we very much enjoy this new exercise and don't have to worry about our world ending just because I win. It's a fun way of attaining fitness and we're both feeling all the better for it.

S.L. (Mrs), Ontario, Canada

I have been reading the letters columns of your magazine for several years but have never come across a mention of my own particular and peculiar sexual foible.

It does not include whips, bondage, leather underwear or any of those other well-known supposed aids to sexual harmony. Quite simply, I have long been obsessed with the idea of stripping a girl completely naked then getting her to lie on her back. Then in my fantasy I strip myself (I sometimes forget to remove my socks in my excitement) and gently prise her legs apart with my hands and lower myself on to her, placing my lips on hers and my penis in the proximity of her vagina. If this is not enough I then try to manoeuvre my penis inside her vagina. Am I normal or an incurable sexual pervert?

D.V. Aiteed, Essex

Your missionary meaning is not lost on us.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ